A True Romance

REVEALED BY A BAG OF OLD LETTERS

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A TRUE ROMANCE

REVEALED BY A BAG OF OLD LETTERS

Being the Love, Courtship and Marriage

of

MARK ANTHONY

and

NANNIE L. MARSH ANTHONY

In the Palmy Days of Steamboating in the Middle West in the Fifties. A Real Romance Given in Letters of Living Characters

Edited by their Son

Harold Gordon Anthony

THE

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To
the memory of
my Father and Mother
to whom I owe all that I am as a man,
morally, intellectually, religiously,
whose beautiful lives of love and devotion
set the standard of excellence
to which their children
seek to emulate

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PREFACE

IN publishing the following letters of the romance of my father and mother, I desire to reveal and show that the greatest source of happiness in this world is found in the love and devotion of man and woman; in every sphere of life the pure love that wins and carries through life a pure constancy that neither time nor circumstance could dim its lustre. The letters themselves bring out a rich devotion that I hope may help others whose lines fall in like manner as the authors of this romance, that they may give to others an inspiration in all their love affairs to live pure, devoted lives to one another, and in a measure learn what is pure and noble in the relationships of lovers, man and wife, father and mother. To this end I give these letters, a rich legacy, as my mother writing to father in after years says:

I have been conning over all your letters. I have been wanting some time to arrange them and gather together all from the first until now. I was kept busy from five o'clock in the evening until half past eleven last night; lived over old times, found all endearing names that could be given to so unworthy a mortal as myself. I prize them above all things I have, and they shall be a legacy to our children; we will look over them together in a convenient time.

Also in later years wrote:

Our love has stood the test of years and storms of life that time nor circumstances cannot alter. As there has been a great deal written of late on the subject of love and matrimony, and the real love letters of men and women who stand high in the public mind, we have in these letters, the outpourings of the heart and soul of two beings who had a high sense of the honor of the sacred relationships of life, which, carried out from a proper standard, make the sum of life a rich whole, that smoothes the rugged roads, and paves the way to a rich heritage, that bring blessing and pros-

perity to its posterity. The richest legacy any parent can bequeath to their offspring is the moral and religious atmosphere of the home circle, where mother and father set the standard; the associations of early life, the books and companions, set the standard for weal or woe of the future life. While many break out of their environments of early years, the safeguard of our children lies in the care and education of early years.

A TRUE ROMANCE

IN the year 1814 Samuel Marsh came from New York to Pittsburg, Penn., with his family; there he descended the Ohio river, in the only vessel known to the Ohio in the beginning of the century—a flatboat. He located at a point on the Ohio river now known as New Albany, Ind., just below Louisville, Ky. He located permanently and lived as pioneers did in those days. The State of Indiana was yet a territory with about 50,000 inhabitants. Thomas Posey was Governor, Corydon was the State capital. Mr. Marsh built the first brick chimney, and put in the first glass windows in the history of the city. The Marshes were of the celebrated Marsh family whose line can be exactly traced for a period of two and a half centuries, and through seven, eight or nine generations. "The Marsh Family Association of America" held their last annual gathering at Springfield, Mass., in 1895, at-

tended by persons from the Canadian Dominion, and various parts of the United States. Colonel Lucius B. Marsh, of Boston, Mass., President. Ode No. 3, by Rev. D. W. Marsh, D.D., of Amherst, Mass., with numerous other odes, are sung at the family gathering.

ODE 3.

TUNE—AMERICA.

1663-1895.

From England's sea-girt land
By God's high guiding hand,
Our fathers sailed.
They laughed at ocean's roar,
They found a broader shore,
And here forever more
They freedom hailed.

John Marsh was one of them,
Those ancient, stalwart men,
Their God their King;
His Bible was his chart,
With wisest master-art
He put it in his heart,
More light to bring.

And George of Hingham came,
And many a queenly dame,
And lovely bride:
And Marshes as the leaves,
Or golden harvest sheaves,
Or drops that drip from eaves,
They multiplied.

The women toiled and spun,
A daily task was done
By girl and son.
The Marshes grew and spread,
The Marshes loved and wed,
The Marshes fought and bled,
And freedom won.

Now Marsh be merriest man,
That ever walked or ran;
Or kissed a bride;
Let Marshes none be queer
And none be known to leer
No Marsh must ever sneer,
Nor ever chide.

In truth we live and die
As others far and nigh,
For Marsh is man.

The Marshes come and go
As come the rain and snow,
The Marshes ebb and flow,
A little span.

We boast no nobler name
No bluer blood we claim
Lest pride should fall;
Yet love we this our tree
And come from land and sea,
One gathering here to be
And honor all.

Two hundred years have taught
That every Marshman ought
To live for right,
To spend his little span
In doing what he can
To serve his God and man
With all his might.

Miss Nannie L. Marsh was a daughter of Edwin Marsh, who was a great grandson of Thomas Seabrook, Major First Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Lieutenant-Colonel of Colonel Read's Battalion, State troops,

whose son Stephen was private in the Light-horse. The battle of Monmouth, N. J., was partially fought on the Seabrook farm and around the house and in the yard. Stephen the son, was carrying a despatch from General Green to General Washington, and told his folks they had better vacate as the British were coming and the battle was to be fought near by.

Major Thomas Seabrook represented the New Jersey Assembly in 1780-1781. From Year Book of Indiana Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

Edwin Marsh, a son of Samuel Marsh, was a prosperous coal merchant at New Albany, Ind., was considered well to do. He built the then finest three-story brick mansion in New Albany, on the river bank, with brown stone trimmings and grand stone steps, ending with fluted columns on the top landing, iron rail and banisters, with spacious yard, noted for its fine moss beds and beautiful roses, and fancy iron fence running along the front. Miss Marsh, being the only daughter, had all she desired of this world's goods, was idolized and pandered too. At the age of twelve years her

mother died. She was put into the custody of her aunt Add— W——d, whose husband was a prosperous and well to do merchant. She attended Georgetown, Ky., Female Seminary, a then famous seminary and boarding school of its day, where all the élite of the Southern and Middle Western states attended. The college, Science Hill, was located in a beautiful grove of trees on a hill, and equipped with the ablest faculty of teachers money could secure, among them Prof. Farnum, President, and Prof. J. H. Kappes, a German music teacher and composer. Miss Marsh was put under his instruction. In a letter to her after leaving school the professor's wife wrote her that the professor wished he had some more musical enthusiasts like her, and the height of the ambition of the college girls was to play like Nannie Marsh. In the fifties steamboating was in its palmiest days. Before the railroads traversed the river banks, all the traffic, both passengers and freight, was done on the river. Fine palatial steamers, running from Cincinnati to New Orleans daily, passed New Albany. The river character and the tremendous traffic was famous in its day; all the wealth of society from the South and

West were continually passing up and down the river. Each boat had its quota of officers from pilot, captain, head clerks, mate, engineers and deck hands, and money was plentiful in those days, and good salaries were paid the allotment, especially the officers. The accommodations were elaborate and palatial, and the cuisine was unsurpassed. Often bands of music, and steam calliopes, and the whistling of the steamboats was a thing that attracted the attention of the inhabitants of the river towns. In the year 1854-5, Mark Anthony was head clerk on the steamboat *Sultana*. He stopped occasionally at New Albany while the boat was loading, which would be a day or two, as it was the head of river navigation in low water, on account of the Ohio falls. He was known somewhat socially among the society of New Albany, being somewhat tall, with black hair and beard, a perfect Apollo in figure, a good dresser, a very versatile and genial gentleman of the old school, and Chesterfieldian in manner to every one he met. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, son of John Anthony, whose father was Paul Antoine, born on the Rhine, whose wife was Cornelia Van Buskirk, of

Knickerbocker stock. He is also a cousin of Susan B. Anthony. His mother, Eliza Peas, whose mother was Jarusha Hall, whose brothers Samuel and Abram Hall were in the Revolutionary war. He was educated at St. Genevieve college, south of St. Louis, on the Mississippi, spoke French, a lover of the classics, whose favorite poets were Pope, Shelley, Keats, Pollock, Milton and Byron, the last-named being his capital favorite.

On one occasion he met Miss Marsh's aunt, who said she had a favorite niece just from school she wanted him to meet. He called one evening. As he entered the room she was sitting playing the piano. He said to himself there is the little woman I have been looking for all my life. After a pleasant evening Cupid had sunk his arrow deep. As is quite natural he called at every opportunity, and notes and letters were passed between them. An attachment was seen, which displeased her aunt, and something must be done to stop it. She was but fifteen years old, but only a school girl, and still at school. Lovers will always find a way to communicate, and notes and letters followed her to school. She received the following

letter from her uncle while at school at Georgetown, Ky.:

NEW ALBANY, *Sunday Eve., Oct. 2,* 1854.

DEAR NANNIE:

I have just returned from hearing Brother Sears. Our church has undertaken a revival, I hope the day is not distant when you shall take as deep an interest in such matters as did your sainted mother.* Always recollect that you are not too young to die, and how painful will be the reflection that those relatives and friends who have gone before should occupy a place different from ourselves, when it is our privilege and duty to strive to be with them in heaven. Bear in mind; to love and serve God is the beginning of wisdom.

Since you have left the beaus have left, a death-like stillness has come over the house, the piano remains unopened, and all musical notions have been laid on the shelf. I was not at all astonished to hear you had a great desire to come home, but you must give up all such thoughts and apply yourself closely to your studies. As far as music is concerned you al-

* Her mother had lately passed away.

ready have arrived at an enviable position. I would not have you let go any acquirement you have made in music, but practice daily, and occasionally take a new piece. But let other things now occupy most of your time; there are studies such as History, Geography, Natural Philosophy, and many other studies to which I hope you will devote your time, the acquirement of which will make your society highly interesting. My Dear Nannie, recollect most of our knowledge is derived from books, cast from you those yellow-covered trashy, love-sick tales, that leave persons more ignorant after their perusal than before, and rob them of time never to be recovered. There is one thing you must do if you would be happy in this life, and that is read your Bible every day if you read but one verse. Just promise me you will do this. If you will pray God to forgive your sins night and morning you may be assured he will, then you will be happy hereafter. I am happy you have nice room mates and a good room. I need hardly tell you that a letter from you would afford me much pleasure. Good bye.

My best love,

J. K. W——D.

One cannot but help think of the necessity in the education and culture of earlier years as the foundation in a measure of the building of character, manners and disposition as a basis for future life. The surrounding influences of companions and books, and the education one has sets the standard for which the life is molded into its ideal. Surrounding circumstance may alter these conditions in middle life, but the obligation is discharged by parents, when they jealously guard the earlier career of their children.

The following letter Mark Anthony received from his mother on his twenty-first birthday, 1846, a touching and remarkable document.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, *Dec.* 1, 1846.

MY DEAR SON:

I hail with pleasure and gratitude this the anniversary of your birthday, may you have many happy returns of the same, each witnessing to your self and the world that you have not lived for naught. But as a useful member of society, exercising an influence that shall descend blessing upon your posterity. You are this day my son, twenty-one years of age, you

have arrived at that eventful period in life to which every young man looks forward to with deep interest, as bringing with it some new era, in his existence. What hopes, what plans, what high resolutions you may have formed, I know not, doubtless you have some; ask yourself then my dear boy what they are. Whatever they may be, make, oh, make them not in your own strength, alone. But go to God, he has been the guide of your youth, and if you trust in him will be the support of your manhood and consolation in the decline of years.

You have already been for years engaged in business and know its trials and perplexities. Few of your age have so great a knowledge of mankind, yet few, very few have bought their experience so dearly, you have had friends to caress, flatter and cluster around in prosperity. But in the hour of adversity when the chill hand of penury pressed heavy upon you, have fled and passed away like the fantastic visions of evening, leaving you naught but the biting sting of benefits forgotten. Let then your past experience in the choice of friends make you more watchful for the future. And now my

son it might be profitable to recall some few of the pleasing recollections and painful thoughts which crowd upon my mind at this time. Twenty-one years. What changes ye have wrought, I go back through the vista of time to that day which introduced you an immortal being to this world of sin and sorrow, when, with a love and joy so full, new and sweet, did I clasp you, my first born, to my bosom, and with all a fond mother's affection invoke God's blessing upon your infant head. At the age of ten months your parents offered you at the baptismal font, though strangers then to the saving grace of God ourselves we hoped to secure its blessing to you and show our intention to train you for usefulness and heaven. That ordinance was performed by a clergyman of the Baptist church at our own house. We were frequently reminded by your delicate health that you were only lent to us, liable at any moment to be snatched away and transported to another and a better world. Little did I think I was nursing one who in after years was to be my only earthly support. How mysterious truly are the ways of Providence, but oh, how wise.

And I trust while life lasts you will remember a fond mother's last injunction. Obey your parents that your days may be full of usefulness and long in the land of the living. Of this I must say I have had no reason to complain, you have always been ready to sacrifice personal comfort and enjoyment for my gratification. We have passed through many vicissitudes and trials together, and the promise of Jehovah has been meted out to us. "I will be a guide to those who trust in me;" and my life has been spared to see my children arrive at years of discretion. But sad solemn thought without God and without heaven. Grant oh my Father, that these eyes may yet behold them walking in wisdom's ways. Then like Simeon of old will I say, "Now let thy servant depart in peace." One thing my dear boy. I must painfully allude to broken vows at God's sanctuary made, I believe in sincerity at the time but in total ignorance of your deceitful heart, yet there they stand registered in heaven, how my son oh! how will you meet them on that great day when the searcher of all hearts is to judge between the unfaithful and the just?

And now my ever dear and only son, my

earthly hope and stay, I this day proclaim you are a freeman, and parental authority over you ceases. I tremble when thinking of what has been my influence, and call high heaven to witness, though feeble, yet have I ever endeavored to teach you the way of eternal life and guide your footsteps unhesitatingly firm in the path of rectitude and virtue. You cannot, dear boy, forget a mother's admonitions, you cannot forget how often we have knelt together in prayer, how often read that holy book marked with the seal of high divinity, forever beseeching us to read, believe and live. Oh, my son, if you will forget now, there will be a time in after life when that mother lies beneath the clods of the valley, when these scenes will return and as a well spring of life I hope bring joy and peace, or on the contrary like a flood of despair o'erwhelm the soul with anguish. God knows in a mother's love I have never been wanting, with a mother's weakness, through a too fond idolatry, doubtless I have erred. If so forgive then my dear boy any past unfaithfulness, and be assured that affection which welcomed you to this world, has been for twenty-one years, growing deeper and stronger,

but trust my child you need no assurance of that fact. Oh, that you could fathom the anxiety of my heart at this moment, and know how earnestly it prays for your peace and prosperity in this world and that which is to come. And now permit me my dear Mark, while the sacred duty and high privilege is yet mine, to give some advice for your future conduct. May the blessing of heaven attend it. The first thing is to be temperate in all things, shun the intoxicating bowl in every form as your deadliest foe. How many young men with hopes as bright, with prospects as fair, and reputation as dear as life, has fallen a prey to this dreadful sin. Oh! how many homes have been made desolate, and fond parents, affectionate sisters and devoted brothers' fond wishes have been blasted and lay withering in the dust from grief brought on by an erring one being fatally tempted by that monster alcohol. Shun ardent spirits my son, and I shall have no fears for you. Never, oh my God, never let these gray hairs go down to an untimely grave through affliction from such a source. But I hope and believe differently though I thus speak. The next thing, shun all evil associates. Your too

liberal disposition has always given me uneasiness on this score. It is difficult for you to refuse, and harder still, having joined them to break away; be firm then in resisting this temptation, for

> Approaching vice is decked in charm,
> And smiles with promises of gain;
> No sooner past than all its joys are fled
> And its transient pleasures turned to pain.

The next thing is Sabbath breaking. Young men of business are particularly in danger of this sin. Yet if there is one more than another upon which God hurls his wrath it is this; read the Bible, it is full of awful denunciations against the Sabbath breaker. Next thing do not neglect the house of prayer; do what you can for the support of the Gospel; and though not least, be faithful to your employers, make their interests dear as your own; this is your duty, and by so doing you will never want a friend. You may think, dear Mark this letter a gloomy one, but I have not so intended. I desire under these peculiar circumstances our mutual benefit, and should you think these feeble lines worthy of preserving, and in one

instance you should be made a better and happier man by following its advice, I am quite recompensed; and in after years when the hand that penned them shall be cold in death, I trust you will look at this and the blest volume that accompanies it as a sacred memento of a fond mother's undying love. I have no wealth to offer you as I once had, but accept my son this Bible, and may you ever be guided by its precepts. It will be a lamp to guide your footsteps unhesitatingly firm through this dark world, as the polar star of truth to twinkle before you; then shall you be free and happy. And when in the solitude of your room, next to God think, oh think, of your affectionate and devoted

MOTHER.

While at school Miss Marsh was evidently very popular, from the following letters from school girls that have some romance in them:

FRANKFORT, KY., *Aug.* 15.

DEAR NANNIE:

Procrastination is generally considered the thief of time, and as to myself it has generally

proved such, but I am determined it never shall be so again as I can make no good excuses now since I left school and laid aside the books and cares of a school girl life; and then again, why should I wish to make excuses for not writing to one who I prefer corresponding with above all others, excepting my *nearest relatives.* Nannie you are well aware that you have been my *bosom friend* for many a year, and I hope you may still continue to be such, and be assured, *Dear Nannie,* you shall have a place in my memory amid the numerous others who have gained a lasting remembrance by *one* who is unworthy of such pure and lasting love which has been bestowed upon her by many. Dear Nannie, I am thought to be cold hearted, the reason why I do not know, without it is because, I would not give my hand to those where my heart can never go and be happy and contented, I have been thinking all morning that perhaps the advice which I have been giving you of late is not altogether proper, as perhaps it may change your warm heart to a cold one like my own, but Nannie, you are well acquainted with this cold heart, and so you think it is true, the rest may think as they please,

although I would prefer it, if it were possible, for *every one* to think so. This is a strange world, any way you can arrange it, while we are enjoying its pleasures it is preparing us for its sorrows, so have I found it, and I think my pathway through life so far has been strewn with flowers, as to what many others have had to endure, although numerous little troubles have darkened my pathway for a short time, casting the fleeting sunbeams from my view but, I fear they were but momentary when compared to the many trials which may yet be in store for me in later life. As to whether it will be proper for me to embrace that opportunity which was to present itself in the following thirty-six hours, I cannot make up my mind or come to the conclusion what to do. Although I would willingly see him, yet I fear his constancy, as to deceiving mother I know it will be wrong, my own conscience tells me so, but what can I do, how can I act, in this case? I cannot tell, I know my own feelings, and where my happiness depends, but yet at the same time is it right to deceive one who has loved me fondly and truly, who has taken care

of me from infancy and guided my steps aright so far over life's tempestuous sea? Perhaps she may be right, he may not be worthy of me. But my mind is made up, I cannot think him anything else but true, and I will think none the less of him till he proves false; and then I will discard and scorn him, and not till then. No one knows how well I love my mother. She has always been good and kind to me. I would give everything I possess in this world to please her in the selection of a companion whom I take for life, but I fear that will be impossible, provided I study my own interest and happiness. But I will say no more on this subject at present, except if matters can be arranged and he still desires an interview it shall be granted to him as soon as I return home, at the risk of my life. I am enjoying myself finely, far beyond my expectation. I did not expect Frankfort to be as gay and fashionable as it is, for generally it is gayer in the winter. If it were not for my teeth, which should not be neglected any longer than can be prevented, I would not come home for a month or six weeks, as I am surrounded by devoted admirers, which

suits me exactly. You know I was awakened last night from my slumbers by some of the best music that I have heard lately, it was delightful; the gentlemen here go out serenading most every night, and they play very well. I am invited to a wedding on Thursday. It is a Miss Stout, but not my rival; she is going to marry a Mr. Cannon, of Louisville. From what I can hear it will be a large wedding. Nannie, I promised Kate and Mattie Plummer that as soon as I come home I would get you and Mr. Anthony to go spend the evening with them, and you must both go. You must give my respects and compliments to Mr. Anthony, and also tell him I fear I never can repay him for his kindness towards me excepting by giving him my *"Dearest Friend;"* name unmentionable. I have just received an invitation to dine with the Governor to-day at two o'clock. There is to be a large cotillion party, or rather a prize ball to-night at the *Mansion House.* I have not made up my mind whether to go or not, as it is so warm and disagreeable that there would not be much pleasure in dancing, and you know that I could not be a spectator and not a partaker

of all the enjoyment without a great deal of presence of mind.

Yours as ever,

_____.

She writes from school a note.

LIZZIE:

I thought I would write you a note to ask a great favor of you, which I hope you will grant. I want you to make me some nice pies, pound cake and pickles, and all such things. Cheese, crackers and everything nice, and put in a box and send it to me. I do get so hungry, and that would be such a treat. Nearly all the girls receive boxes from home with nice things to eat. You box them up carefully and direct the box to Nannie L. Marsh, care of J. E. Farnum, Georgetown, Ky.

And received the following:

NEW ALBANY, *Mar.* 54.

DEAR JOHN DAVID NANCY:

How are you off to-day for bread. I hope you are not starving for some, are you? Lizzie laughed when she received the note and said

she would send the cars full, for poor Nan. Nan, I'd give this world if you were here; the water is all up like it was last year, and Hy Mallery and Bill Jackson, built a flat and I go riding all the time. I told them about your riding in the tub, and they laughed I tell you. I told them about Julia falling down and breaking the floor loose, and about the boots and, oh my, but they laughed; they all say there would have been no fun if it had not been for me. Sunday Uncle John and John Alexander came down to our house and went riding in Uncle Gus's flat, so I took sick and like to fainted, and Uncle John, Emma and I got out, and John stayed in and got about a dozen little boys in with him. Judge Hooper had some logs tied across from two trees and John got across the ropes and couldn't get back. Well, the poor fellow tried about an hour; and he was most dead. I was up stairs laughing at him, and never laughed so much in my life at one thing, so John tied the flat at grandma's door and got Aaron McDoodle to help him, and we kept telling Emma what to say to him. She hallooed, Mr. McDoodle take care of him, don't get away from him, and Mr. Alexander

the great commander shot a goose and killed a gander. John Alexander says he will never forget that boat ride. Minerva came down and Uncle John went to shore with the boat and brought her over, and when she went to go back I went too, and so went to jump out of the boat it slipped back and I jumped right in the river up to my knees. Johnnie Creed and John Payne, and John Lewis were all standing right by the land, and seen me, and everybody around there laughed, and I was mad. I got in the boat and went back home and wouldn't speak to them. Nannie, what do you think, your Pa is coming to see you as soon as he gets his business settled, and he is going to bring me. I did not want to let you know it, but when you see somebody dressed in light green you will know who it is, then the girls will think I am a green Hoosier sure enough. Never "mind next" September I will begin to help you fight for the rights of Hoosierdom. Nan, will you believe me if I tell you I have fallen in love with a preacher? Well it is so. He preaches at our church. He lives in Louisville, and is the editor of the *Baptist Courier*. He is a young widower, now what do you think of

that. They plague me nearly to death about him at home. Uncle John says we will make such a nice little couple, for he is not much taller than I am, and oh, so handsome. I told Uncle John I was going to send some poetry to his paper, and he says he is going to tell him. His name is Ford. Now Nan don't tell anybody a word of it, for I don't want the girls here to find it out. Mr. W——— has not come home yet, but Minerva hears from him very often. I believe he writes to her. My Lord! I could kill her for taking him. I hate him now worse than ever, and I don't believe she loves him either. Read the note.

Your cousin,

S———.

Miss Marsh was but fifteen years old when this was written.

GEORGETOWN, *March* 11, 1854.

TO MARK ANTHONY.

DEAR FRIEND:

I received your interesting letter some time since, but I have been so engaged I have not until now had an opportunity of answering it.

As you have never visited Georgetown I suppose you would be interested to know what kind of a place it is. Well, as I am not skilled in writing descriptive style, I hope you will excuse me if my composition does not suit your taste.

Georgetown is quite a pleasant little town situated on a branch of the Elkhorn river. It is remarkable for the energy and industry of its inhabitants. For its schools; both male and female, and for its intelligent and refined society. It has several churches and dwellings. It possesses two curiosities. One is the Big spring. It is beautiful indeed, and so romantic. I think if I should ever have occasion to write my farewell to Georgetown I would choose a place beside the Old Spring, where all is still and quiet save the music of the waters beneath my feet. It is in such a place as this I love to go and think of home and of the pleasures of bygone hours spent with friends, whose sweet faces perhaps I never more will see. Ah! how sad it makes me feel to think of it; but I am digressing, General Flourney is the other curiosity. He is one indeed. I cannot describe him. You must come here and get acquainted

with him yourself. I must tell you something of my school. Science Hill is situated in the suburbs of the town, rather a retired place, but by no means unpleasant on that account; we have a very large yard, highly ornamented with shrubbery of all descriptions. In a retired part of the yard is a beautiful monument erected over the remains of one of our school girls. It is such a sweet place to visit. It always awakens in my mind when I see the fair flowers as they bloom o'er the grave, of the time when I too shall pass from this earth, and when I am gone will the flowers bloom over my grave nourished by the hand of affection? Ah! I hope I will have some friends in whose remembrance I will ever live.

My dear friend, as I have a great deal to do this morning I hope you will excuse a short letter. I am very sorry I have not time to finish a description of this place, but I will write you another letter soon, and will try to write a longer. Julia sends her love and says she would like to hear from you, write soon.

Your devoted friend,

NANNIE.

From Mrs. S. R. Kappes, wife of the German professor of music of Georgetown college.

GEORGETOWN, *April 2*, '55.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

I did not intend to allow so many weeks to slip by before sending you that promised letter. Time here always passes rapidly, but this year has been unusually short, twelve more weeks and we all, like you, will share the luxury of leisure. Probably, however, you find abundant and interesting employment with your piano, guitar, books and friends. Eliza Waller informed me you were very happy in the enjoyment of health, home and social pleasures. But do not, dear Nannie, forget all your old friends here, for there are *many* who think and speak frequently of you—and to play like Nannie Marsh is the *standard* which I often hear music pupils propose. I really wish they would manifest the same interest and perseverance. Mr. Kappes would enjoy teaching a few such enthusiasts. But a word on the subject of books, for you have very wisely determined to devote a portion of your time to the perusal

of improving literary works. Here you find an almost unlimited field from which to select. Not always, however, is the most tempting fruit that which is most agreeable to the unexperienced. Most suited to promote intellectual improvement, and hence the importance of yielding to the judgment of some one older and wiser.

In giving you some advice, relative to the selection of books, I feel greatly at a loss to know where I should commence, your own taste perhaps like that of most young persons would be better suited with a more frivolous kind of reading than would be altogether beneficial.

If it has no other evil effect, it prevents an individual from acquiring that amount of useful information, the want of which sometimes makes them appear very ridiculous. It is very necessary to know something of the principal events in history, especially in that of our own country. This department of our literature has been made very interesting by the efforts of such men as Macaulay, Bancroft, Prescott, Abbott and others, all of whose works you might read with great profit; you should also have a general acquaintance with the character

of our most distinguished authors, you will then be better able to appreciate their writings; you must not fail to know something of our great poets, Milton, Shakespeare, Young, Pollock, Thomson, and many others. Works of travel are numerous, and some of them very useful. Stevens, Bayard Taylor and Admiral Clinton, I have enjoyed reading very much, also N. P. Willis' "Pencillings by the Way," and "Health Trip to the West Indies," and in this connection I must not omit Miss Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad." For beauty of style and purity of sentiment none can exceed Washington Irving. He has just opened a new work, probably his last, as he is a very old man—"Wolfert's Roost." Among the light literature which has recently engaged my attention, and which I can recommend to all my young friends, is "The Lamplighter," "The Newsboy," "Ruth Hall," "Beauties of Fanny Fenn," "The Jesuits in Your Homes," or "Stanhope Burleigh," "The Lost Heiress," "Fashion and Famine." Some of these have a fine moral tendency, and none of them are objectionable on that score, but as I shall hope to have the privilege of answering your letters

often I will add no more on this subject at present. Before I close I am compelled to add one sad piece of intelligence. Mr. Harvey Graves'* house was burned literally to the ground on last Wednesday night, nothing save the brick walls remain. The family speak of removing to town until they can build. Isadore of course feels rather sadly, not because she will ever really feel the loss, but more especially for the breaking up of old associations. Nannie, will you not be in Georgetown at commencement? We would all be happy to see you. Mr. Kappes desires a kind remembrance, and says you must let him know how you are progressing in music, what learning. All would send love if they knew I was writing, but I cannot wait to ask so many.

Your affectionate friend,

S. R. KAPPES.

The following was received at school † from relatives and friends.

* The Graves' House was noted for its social functions in those days among the élite of Kentucky.

† These letters are necessary to show the position in life and the many acquaintances Miss Marsh had and all knew of the romance of her and Mr. Anthony and the opposition she had from her aunt and father.

NEW ALBANY, *January* 11, '55.

MY DEAR FRIEND NANNIE:

To confess the truth I am really ashamed to attempt a letter at this late hour and could scarcely blame you for accusing me of all imaginable sins and badness. Well Nannie, I was very much surprised upon returning home from a trip up town one day at finding a piece of music directed to Miss Carrie W. Imagine the surprise when upon further examination I found and recognized your handwriting and also discovered a gentleman's name which I immediately attributed to your estimable music teacher Mr. Kappes. Besides esteeming, it is quite an honor, I wish you to accept my warmest thanks, presenting if you please, the same to your teacher, and of this I am quite confident, that if he can compose a piece of music wherein is such beautiful harmony and complete and perfect chords, he cannot help but be thoroughly acquainted with the science, and capable of imparting it to others. I know your first question would be if I were talking to you, What's the news?

Well, as usual, New Albany is deplorably wanting in that article, and were it not for

choir rehearsals and musical associations, we would become almost annihilated with "Ennui" or in other words (King's English) the blues. You have of course heard of our Handel and Haydn, or as some are pleased to dub it "Spade and Handel." Notwithstanding such scandalous name it has so far proved a most pleasant association. Your Aunt Add has become safely and securely installed in her new house, which, although I have not been there, I hear is a model of beauty, comfort and convenience; it ought to be, I think for the comfort and convenience of persons as your agreeable Uncle John, Aunt Add and their respective children, Emma and the cunning little Kiddie. I see Minerva Jones occasionally; through her I heard your inquiries concerning me and the piece of music.* May I hope for a speedy answer to this letter. I wish my paper was longer and I would ask you when you heard from your friend M—— A——. Would you tell?

Yours as ever,
Miss Carrie W——.

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*"A piece of music composed and dedicated to Nannie L. Marsh by her music teacher. From J. H. Kappes."

Another received at school:

LOUISVILLE, KY., 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COUSIN:

Sallie Miles spent a few days over to our house and I returned home with her. I thought I would embrace the present opportunity of writing you. I was up to your Aunt Add's and helped fix the clothes. Nan, tell me did you get your clothes? How did you like them? Did you like the white dress and did it fit you well? I want you to answer all my questions immediately, for we are very near crazy to know. Nan, let me describe the day the clothes were sent. Imagine yourself an actor there. First Mrs. Tucker sewing the edging on the lining of your white dress (after I had gone in the store and turned everything topsy-turvy to find some that would do), second Aunt Add sitting on the floor singing, Nancy Till, ironing your white bonnet, Estelle winding the ribbon around her waist, and then cutting the paste board slips for the bonnet. Aunt Add was ironing and me trying on the gaiters and interrupting Aunt Add's song to know if she thinks they will fit you. At last the box is packed and sent to the express office, and I am almost

ready to cry for joy, for Nan, if you only knew how much trouble I had with them, you could not blame me at all. Tell me how you liked the gloves and handkerchiefs, how the shoes fit, and all about it. Nan, show Julia the postmark and make her believe it is from Frank. Direct your answer home as usual. All are well.

Your cousin,
SALLIE R——T.

As there was considerable opposition to Mark Anthony and Nannie Marsh's continuing their acquaintance and correspondence, the following letter was written by one who helped all through this courtship to receive letters and notes, and slip them in and out to Miss Marsh while she was a veritable prisoner at her Aunt's.

NEW ALBANY, *January*, 1855.

TO MARK ANTHONY,
MY FRIEND:

Although I deem myself unworthy to be called *thy friend*, yet I fain would make amendments in the future, for the past. Procrastination is truly the thief of time, or at least I have found it so. I intended to have answered

your long and interesting letter ere this, but negligence and things prevented me. I suppose you have often heard of my illness, as I hear you have quite a number of correspondents in our city, of which I hope are all my friends as truly as I am theirs. I have no reason to complain and especially of the gentlemen, as they proved themselves to be more than summer friends to me. My illness has been of a protracted nature, yet I do not allow myself but seldom to get low spirited, and why should I when I look around me and see the number who have been confined to a sick room for weeks. And now I suppose you are anxiously waiting to hear something about *Nannie*. Well, she did not arrive when I was expecting her; nor, when she expected to return; reasons I do not know. She will be home next Wednesday as I mentioned to you in a note, if you received it, that there has been but little said between Nannie and self for fear of displeasing those who are opposed; neither have I delivered the presents * yet that are in my pos-

* Wedding ring and picture as I learned of late years she had to wear the wedding ring around her neck to keep her aunt from seeing it.

session; as I thought best to retain them till she arrives home. Then she shall receive them, and as far as I remember the messages which were left for her. And now, Mark, for fear I forget, I wish to inform you that after Nannie arrives home I am not going to have anything to do with this subject. But never mind now, by the time I get an answer to this Nannie will be home and then I will know more about the state of her feeling towards you and judge what to do for the best. We none can read the future, no not one except our Heavenly Father. It is separated from us by a dark and impenetrable veil which beyond we cannot gaze, and is it not a blessing that it was so ordained that we cannot read our future destiny, for perhaps we might tremble at the thought; whilst only now a few dark clouds are scattered here and there to darken our sunny pathway which soon, very soon, vanish, and in their stead are seen happy, joyous sunbeams; causing the unhappy past to be forgotten. If I understand the meaning of those dark clouds which sometimes often appear it is to call us to do our duty, to teach us what we are; for there is but one way, and narrow it is, that leads to happiness. We

are left to choose our way; there is no compulsion to make us select the right or wrong. I cannot tell you how to bring the time nearer when you can call her your own; it is not in my power. But wait patiently. It will all work out for the best. I hope, Mark, you will forgive me for prolonging this paragraph to such a length. I have enjoyed myself finely, taking into consideration my indisposition, but still that does not altogether prevent me enjoying myself. I am still gay and lively as ever and have spent several evenings lately with the doctor, and I need not tell you how much I enjoyed myself in his society, as you are well aware how lively he is. Just the kind of company that pleases me; the doctor is a particular favorite of mine, although I am deprived of his society at home—you know the reasons. I considered it all a joke and passed the evening very pleasantly; and regret that he cannot visit me, provided he wished to. And now consider this a friendly letter, although it is rather lengthy and far from being interesting. As you are a friend of mine I know you will look over all errors and bad writing. Remember to answer immediately, and believe me

ever to be your true friend. My compliments to self and all inquiring friends.

MINERVA T. J.

Some of Mark Anthony's letters to Miss Nannie L. Marsh:

11 *April*, '55.

DEAR NANNIE:

I wrote you last from Napoleon under cover to our mutual friend Miss Minerva which should be at hand long ere this. Of that date we ascended the Arkansas river with but a faint hope of getting our destination. Sadly and truly was that idea realized. The next day were compelled to lay by for want of water. In a wilderness, no human creature having a habitation within miles of us, so we were lonely and desolate, no facilities to even procure the most coarse and humble necessities of life, hence we were compelled to hunt and fish for a maintenance; not a solitary passenger on board, and all gloomy, disappointed and lonely, cut off from those sacred ties of family, friendship and society, and this seems ever to be the marked fate of the river character. Truly, dear Nannie, we are through cir-

cumstances and destiny scattered over the wild waste of waters to be tossed by every fickle wind and wave. But hope buffets the threatening storm, and yet points me to the laurels of bliss so long as I retain thy young, pure and lasting affection. So, like the brave and trusty of old will I nobly endeavor to struggle through these trials which might crush many men, and live for thy present and future prosperity and happiness alone. Now, my dear Nannie, do not deem me weak or superstitious. But your Daguerrean picture, the ideal of all I hold dear and sacred on earth, save yourself the full and perfect embodiment of reality, is nearest my heart by day to be the talisman which shall guide my erring footsteps unhesitatingly firm through all the temptations and vicissitudes of life, and by night under my pillow, the bright, hallowed oracle that will bring to my dreams joy and peace. Oh, Nannie, in solitary's lonely hour—for without the smile of thy bright countenance and the council of thy wisdom all time seems lonely—God grant that the day is not far distant when we shall meet face to face, then will this wildly throbbing joyous heart unbosom itself and tell more than feeble thoughts

on paper can now essay. So live Nannie, in the confidence of this assurance for yourself and me and not for the opinion of a cold, ungrateful world, who neither know nor can appreciate our high resolves or noble purposes. "Thy mind the music breathing from thy face." The idea of this quotation, suggested from the memory I hold of thee, Nannie, and not from imagination for faithful remembrance. That mirror which affliction often dashes to the earth, and in looking down upon the shattered fragments only beholds the reflection multiplied. Hence, my dear Nannie, it is thus I think of thee while others would wish to poison your mind against me, and in mentioning these few words on a subject on which all persons are supposed to be fluent and none very agreeable, you must pardon the weakness, Nannie, for our sakes. I have been patient to those who know not my motives, nor the acts that prompt them, and will be so yet for thy sake. I have forgotten all I would not forget, yet that sweet virtue revive a generous feeling in my soul to forgive all those who would bid me dwell afar off from thee. Go where I will, be what I may, thou art to me the same, a loved one which I cannot

resign. A world to roam through, and a home with thee, the first were a mere bauble; had I still the last it would be the acme of my happiness. For thee, my own sweet Nannie, in thy heart and soul I feel myself secure as thou shall ever be in mine, creatures who nearer each other can yield up the same together or far distant. From my first acquaintance to this hour which entwined our hearts together appreciated thee, and let Death, weal or woe come soon or late, that tie which linked me with you shall endure forever. Oh, Nannie, that thou wert with me in this hour. But why did I become the fool of my own wishes, knowing at present they cannot be realized, yet it would cause me to forget the solitude which now pervades my spirit. I am not usually of the plaintive mood, but at times feel a decline in my philosophy, as now the tear glitters in moistened eye, what has been the great sin or weakness which has caused those of your family to endeavor to blot out of your heart and memory the interest you have for me and make us strangers unto each other. It was not so once, previous to the knowledge of our mutual affection, and even on your first arrival from Georgetown last July.

I think your aunt Mrs. W——d had sent for me and stated that a favorite niece of hers had just got "Home," to whom she wished to introduce me. Now, my dear Nannie, there seems to be an inconsistency in the acts which followed so short a time afterwards, when she began to discern there was an attachment forming between us, when I prior to this event was at all time a welcomed guest to the full communion of her hospitality and kindness, and hope to be hereafter when, a revolution of circumstances takes place and other persons and time will do justice to character. Perhaps one of my greatest sins is that of poverty, in being so presumptuous as to asking your hand and heart.

Thank God I have some characteristics which are above the grovelling, sordid impulse of wealth which will outlive sordid gold, for in the language of Holy Writ lay not up that for which thieves break through and steal and moth doth corrupt, but trust that in the common course of life, should I meet with that honorable pursuit to be able to at least provide comfortably for those who may trust their destiny in my keeping. This, Nannie, has been an

unpleasant theme for me to discourse you upon. I have done; this subject will never again be reverted to by me and hope you will pardon this occasion. Although I may not yet go unscathed, these lips shall be mute, this hand palsied ever to raise again in my defence or their unkindness. All is over on this score, let the world say what it may.

"Here is a sigh to those who love me and a smile to those who hate:—"

Yours,
ANTHONY.

ST. BT. LUCY ROBINSON,
May 18, 1855.

This brief note will be handed you by our good friend Miss Minerva. In addressing you this the third time, and the two former unanswered, I am at a loss what to say that would be of interest beyond that I am yet in the wilderness, in good health though poor in spirit, and live alone and bear with life to think and pray for you. In the last, the longest and most gloomy letter, I have written you, be pleased, Nannie, to forgive the weakness and the sorrow it dwelt upon, for your heart is already sur-

charged with troubles enough without my writing that which would still add to that poignant and holy affliction. Though it was the outpouring of a heart and soul that could find no relief but in sending forth its errands of mercy and forgiveness. I threw my fingers hurriedly over heart strings and would fain bring forth tones of melancholy beauty that might die away upon chords of sweetness and find an echo in thy soul. The last two letters to Miss Minerva were the poorest and most miserable attempts to send to a lady of mind and education I have ever been guilty of. So you, dear Nannie, will excuse me to her by saying, for the future I will endeavor to do better. In addressing you, Nannie, I don't feel quite so punctilious. Etymology and I look for rather more charity and less criticism. I always write hastily upon the impulse of the moment and rarely punctuate. On my arrival at New Orleans, if we ever do get out of this river, I design having another Daguerrean picture taken—it will please you better than the one you have. If perfectly agreeable, my dear Nannie, have yours taken in any manner that

may suit your own good taste and judgment as regards style of dress or harmony of colors. By the by, I want to know if your suit of hair—that auburn hair—has grown massy and long, and if your height has not increased. Nannie, no doubt you laugh at this idle curiosity. I ask all the foolish questions simply for amusement, it is so natural for me to be inquisitive, not for a moment that I would have you one jot or tittle taller, for everything pertaining to your mental and physical nature is perfect, and would not have you otherwise lest it was the decree of Providence. I trust your family are all well, they have my best wishes. What will be the destination of our boat when out of the river I know not. She may be ladened with cargo and bright hopes for your city. Hope you have written my sister at St. Louis. It would afford her much pleasure to correspond with you. My dear Nannie, answer this note immediately and hand it to our best friend Miss Minerva. Of this date I have written Dr. Flacke and Mr. Seabrook, either one or the other will wait upon Miss M—— and get her letter and place under cover to me as they have

the instructions where to address. God bless you and may heaven's protecting power watch over you.

Yours with affection forever,

ANTHONY.

Her aunt forbids her writing him.

NEW ALBANY, IND., *June* 9, 1855.

DEAR MARK:

I have no doubt that by this time you have given up all hope of ever hearing from me more, but when you hear my excuse you will be fully convinced that it has not been because you were forgotten, and I hope to be forgiven, as you think, for my negligence.

You are aware that my Aunt Add has many objections to you, and has said there should be no correspondence between us, and has partially extracted a promise from me not to write, but for all that I intend to do just as my heart dictates no matter if they think it may be wrong. I was more than happy at the reception of your note, and assure you, dear Mark, that nothing in this vain and fickle world could be more gratifying than in hearing from you.

I have been but a short time from Georgetown and am not contented now, because one is missed from the circle and really I believe that during my stay at school was the most unhappy period of my life. I was greatly disappointed at finding the boat was not running the upper trade, as I expected on my return to have the pleasure of seeing you often; and Minerva, under the circumstances, was fearful of even mentioning your name in our correspondence. I have been waiting patiently for your answer to Minerva's letter, though never dreaming it contained a note for me, which shall be promptly answered, to the best of my ability, though I confess I do not expect my letters to prove very interesting. Well, I am at loss to know what to say, but why, Mark, have you reason to doubt my constancy, as you wish to know if you are "remembered or forgotten." Never fear that I should prove false although there is one daily striving to succeed in making me dislike you, but to no avail. The ring would be accepted with pleasure, but you know it could not be worn without being quickly perceived, and is now under Minerva's charge, but the Daguerreotype is safe and in my care. I live

in hopes of seeing you ere long, as I understand the boat intends making a trip to our city in a few weeks and I hope to be situated in such a manner as to have an interview, as I contemplate boarding with Aunt Sarah where I shall be more free to act according to my own judgment. I shall expect an answer soon and tell me when you intend returning. Accept the renewed assurance of my affection as I shall always remain

Your own
NANNIE.

ST. BT. LUCY ROBINSON,
NAPOLEON, *June 22*, 1855.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

Your long looked for and welcome letter came to hand this day under cover from our mutual friend Miss Minerva. It has seemed an age since I last received one and hence it was doubly accepted. I had almost thought you had forgotten me. The reflection was harsh, ungenerous, and made mention of in my last to Minerva, under the impulse of the moment, for I was aggrieved in not hearing from you, and would have given worlds a moment after-

ward. Had it not been said you must forgive me, Nannie, for I knew in the honesty of my heart you had not forgotten me. Doubtless the remark wounded your feelings at the time, but let it pass and be buried in forgetfulness. We have been over a month at this desolate, lonely place. Oh, Nannie, how my heart yearned to see you. I was tempted to go to New Albany several times, but could not tell what moment the river might rise, for I was deprived that trip to Louisville this winter. As for conjecturing when I may visit your city is at present beyond my power. It may be in a few months, it may be never. The hopes of this transitory life are so uncertain, yet with the will of Providence, who rules our destiny, I trust to see you soon, and meet to part no more. Then, my dear Nannie, will I unbosom my heart and soul and lay bare its hidden thoughts, secrets and treasures and find a consolation in knowledge of those joys, that the cold unfeeling world know not of. Oh, dear Nannie, why are the fates thus cruel with us; why do they pour their vials of wrath on my devoted head and say I shall not see thee. Rest fond one, rest patiently, until I come in July or August. I will set all

things to right. I will be in New Albany by that time whether the boat comes or not. On our last trip at New Orleans I was frequently with your Uncle Alfred. I had but a short conversation relative to ourselves. He is on our behalf all right. I hope, Nannie, that you will make arrangements so as to board with your Aunt Sarah, then you will be somewhat beyond the control of Aunt Add, and more at liberty to act in accordance with dictates of your heart. Mrs. W——d seems uncompromising towards me, wanting that one sweet weakness to forgive, yet I know of nothing whereby to claim her pardon, doing no evil, claim not the charity of her silence. For to all vice; yet hardly virtue's friend, for virtue pardons those she would amend. But for the love I bear and still must bear, I will endure everything for your sake, Nannie, though it is painful and mortifying to a sensitive and proud spirit. Dear Nannie, I write more in detail again soon; the boat is about leaving Napoleon. Write soon and at this place, so I can get it on our down trip. Good bye. God bless you and may the benignant powers watch and protect thee is my prayer night and day. Excuse all errors in this note;

it was written in 4½ minutes and I scarcely knew what I said or how I punctuated. That is no matter; in my next I trust to have more time to comment more worthily for you, I myself. Adieu.

Yours faithfully forever,

MARK.

(Destroy this.)

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

ST'M'R SULTANA.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

Grief like ours has almost snatched the little joy which life hath yet to lend. But hope in the last dark hour, with all its sweet promises and smiles, stands forth like a messenger from heaven and says Be of good cheer, for all shall yet be well. Last evening I took tea at Mr. Seabrook, Sr., and afterwards visited your Aunt Sarah's and had a long conversation with Harriet, Mark,* Estelle and all. They are very indignant at Mrs. C——l, Mrs. J. K. W. and others. Harriet says, those men-

* This Mark Anthony is a cousin of Miss Marsh. Same name as Mr. Anthony but no kin. Often mentioned.

tioned, she never can forgive for their inhumanity and base treatment towards us, Nannie. Mrs. Anthony (her aunt) is much troubled about your imprisonment and the inhuman treatment of your present position and frequently wishes you were any other place than where you are, and says the only way to settle matters and find a way out of these unhappy and troublesome wrecks to raise in and cease this war is for us to get married as soon as possible, for Harriet says the affair will be no better in two years or ten years. I echo the same sentiment and know you do also, Nannie. This trip down I will do everything to get the license so on my return we can consummate that mutual wish which with me is all I hope or live for on this earth, so the sooner the better, for, Nannie, I cannot endure the anguish of your remaining long in a position or circumstances which now surround you. It is too hard for your already crushed and troubled heart and soul to bear. Mark will arrange everything to get you away, so soon as we get the documents right, in order that there may be no afterclap to foil our purpose, and may the blessing of heaven attend us. Endeavor,

my dear Nannie, endeavor to rest in quiet until that bright and best hour singled out from time shall arrive. It shall be late before the brave and those who have justice on their side despair. I sent you yesterday, through Mark, a present, but learned last evening you had not received it. Your Aunt Sarah has it for safe keeping, sad fatality that you cannot with prudence receive it now. But no matter, Nannie, there will be a time ere long when you shall win and wear it proudly without fear or favor in my behalf and in the sweet remembrance of one who until the latest time will endeavor never to demerit the holy trust of the giver or the recipient which prompted the gentle, affectionate motive. It seems, Nannie, as though we will be denied the high privilege of having an interview during my stay this time. But let it go; we shall soon meet when the vile faction shall be powerless to every law of God and man to put asunder those whom fate and destiny have created for each other, of every feeling of heart, soul and passion, that ever pervaded earth-born creatures, yet Nannie, they would torture you until link after link is unloosed which bound up the heart in its first and purest

throbbings and thus wear out the pleasures of the world and sap at length the springs of life. But, thank God, you have too much heroism and high purpose to attain to be thus influenced by their petty intrigues and vile aspersions. Let them reign or multiply themselves and misery and wretchedness. For what else have they made. Were their will supreme this fair earth with all its fair flowers and noble aspirations would be withered and blasted. Mrs. W——d's tyranny and ambition is to rule or ruin; and in this instance she has failed to rule, so she would now wish to ruin every hope and joy which you lived for to attain her ends. But, thank God, Nannie, with your acquiescence, here are two beings over whom she cannot cast her withering influence. Never can I without doing violence to every principle of right and retribution forgive or forget her treatment so contemptuously recreant to every tie of blood, sympathy and kindred which should have otherwise adorned her nature. But all are not human that wear that form. As for myself, Nannie, her shafts of malice fall harmless at my feet, but may ere long turn upon herself with keen remorse.

Wednesday Evening.

I have just returned from your Aunt Sarah's. Mark and I are at the Depauw House discussing the best merits of our case, yet it is a subject which all persons are fluent, but few agreeable. As for Mrs. W——d have no merits of her own to speak of, so words on that score are idle, and even reflection vainer still.

Nannie, God bless you. Oh, how my troubled spirit yearns to be with you at this moment, but it seems it cannot be. Write a note to me if possible. I have a lady friend who will call upon you and get it to-morrow. Met Miss M. Jones at Aunt Sarah's last evening. She said, Mark, if there is anything I can do to serve you or Nannie, I will if I am thrust out of the house the next instant. Captain Bently is agoing to depart to-morrow evening, Friday, the 14th inst. I will write you under cover to D. C. Anthony, who has kindly volunteered to hand you this note and all others that I may send you. He can with more impunity call to see you than many others, so, Nannie, don't fail to write me soon; have the letter all fixed up so at the earliest and best opportunity you can get it to him. May the benig-

nant powers watch over, protect and sustain you in this dark hour.

And believe yours forever, faithfully,

ANTHONY.

NEW ALBANY, IND.

MY DEAR MARK:

This brief note is to assure you there is no change in my feelings and never will be through the influence of others. I had hoped to see you before you departed, but I think it all the best, as perhaps it would have caused another disturbance which could have been no greater. Mrs. W——d has done me an injury that I can never overlook; it has been made known to Aunt Sarah about your visit here on Sunday night and she seemed pleased to think that you would come to me and vindicate your own character. Pa has not yet come for me and I believe will not. I called on Minerva yesterday for some notes she still retained to show to Pa, that you, my dear Mark, have been greatly wronged by no one but Mrs. W——d. I hope that he may be convinced, but not much matter now if not, so long as I am so well assured of your lasting affection for me. If I am not taken

from Aunt Add's by the next trip of the boat, you, my dear Mark, are allowed the privilege of seeing me, as Pa shall exact no promise. It would be a pleasure for me to visit your sister and will, if possible, under the circumstances. Good bye, dear Mark. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Yours as ever,
NANNIE.

ON B'RD ST'M'R SULTANA.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

The pleasure of meeting you with our friends upon the occasion of last evening was beyond what I had hoped for, but in the sad pilgrimage of life which for a long time we have been compelled to journey over, there will at times, through the interposition of fate, some bright, sunny spots loom up in our pathway like an oasis in the desert, to cheer us to a goal of a still better destiny; and the first one for many months threw its gratifying influence over us last night, and my heart was so full that the tongue failed to perform its duty and syllable forth what it otherwise would have done under less exciting influence. Suffice to say I was

more than recompensed, and trust that communion may not create the difficulty which has heretofore taken place, thereby causing your heart to bleed afresh from wounds which I had hoped in a measure had healed. But, dear Nannie, the best and purest virtues of this life are like the *grape* which must be crushed ere they yield their worth. Even gold becomes more refined after passing through the crucible, and thus, dear Nannie, will our hopes, our affections, be tested and more purified by these many trials which we have already passed through, and yet may have more. God forbid. But hope, hope on. It is the bright particular star before whose cheering rays the cares of life are endured even to the last. As yet I am unable to say whether the boat will get off tonight. If so, I may not have the pleasure of meeting you until my return, and let me speak of all that I have ever felt, and dream of it in my tears, for I have loved you with an affection which common mortality cannot possess, and into every feeling of life there purely came a thought that we might never part. I never gazed on heaven above without a prayer to bless

thy existence. There is no ill which for thy sake would not be welcomed, nor no force nor circumstance cause me with your love to part. Good bye; it is the heart's farewell, but only for a time. Should the packet lay over until morning I will visit your city and attend the Presbyterian church. Keep sister Annie with you and take her also to church. Remember me to all. I must set my seal on this sheet, for here comes business to attend to. Would say more but time prevents.

Yours as ever,

ANTHONY.

Once and only once let me speak
Of all that I have felt for years;
You read it not upon my cheek,
You dreamed not of it in my tears.
And yet I loved thee with a love
That unto every feeling purely came.
I never looked on heaven above
Without a prayer to bless thy name.
There is no shape that pain could take,
No ill that would not welcomed be
If suffered but for thy dear sake,
But they must be unshared by thee.

And yet we part this very hour,
Oh! only if my beating heart
Could break for both, there is no power
Could force me with your love to part.
Farewell, 'tis the heart's farewell,
My summer shine of love past o'er,
Only the keen pang of death can tell
That of the words, we meet no more.

ST'M'R SULTANA,
Tuesday, 5 *o'clock p. m.*

MY DEAR NANNIE:

I will be unable to visit your city this evening, and perhaps not have the pleasure of seeing yòu once again ere my departure. I must see sister Henrietta. She loves me much, and at times thinks it hard I don't spend more time with her. But were it not for yourself, my dear Nannie, I would visit her more frequently. But my heart and soul fondly turn to thee first, and Mrs. Ladd and Annie afterwards. I think and hope after my departure your father will not determine on taking you to his house. I would wish to say home. 'Tis a mockery and idle word. So let it go. Mark, Jr., has kindly visited me to-day and I thank him gratefully

for the act. You, Nannie, Estelle and Mrs. Anthony, endeavor, if you can make it convenient, to spend a day or two with sister Henrietta. It will gratify her much, and you will be as kindly welcomed as myself. Let Mark also from time to time go over and see how Annie is getting on. Cheer up, my dear girl, all in the course of events will go well. Present my kindest regards to all of your friends and believe

Me yours as ever,
M. ANTHONY.

More anon.

Destroy this.

ST'M'R SULTANA,
MEMPHIS, *August* 26, '55.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

Your much welcomed and gratifying note of the 22nd inst. came to hand through the kindness of your cousin Mark, and were it not for him we would be deprived the pleasure of occasionally meeting face to face and renew those happy times of last summer. The brightest and best that ever left the sky on my deep soul to beam, and by the aid of pencil and paper,

though time and space divide us, we can be rendered near unto each other. Rest, my dear Nannie, in quietness if they will permit you the sweet consolation of hope the world cannot take away, and in the sad, trying hour of affliction, Oh! how its soothing influence sustains the spirit upon the wings of unsullied joys.

Touching the defence of character which your Aunt Sarah speaks of I shall ever feel grateful for her interposition in our behalf. But, Nannie, what is virtue or character if it needs a victim, and it seems as others have singled us out for their revenge. But in the fulness of time they shall fail in their purpose. Must it depend upon men's or women's idle words to make or unmake it. A dying Roman once said 'twas but a name. It were indeed no more if human breath could mar or make it. Actions speak louder than words, so Mrs. W——d can neither give nor take away character, name or fame. I love all noble qualities which merit affection. For that I love you, who first taught me what we should appreciate in others and to subdue all tendency to lend the best and purest feelings of our nature to baser passions. Well, let them go, their words are

idle, and I have already wasted too much time and patience on subjects who should prove worthier of a better cause. Nannie, on our return, I will call upon you openly and without fear or favor. Let fate do her worst. My life cannot be more than the forfeit and what is it worth to me if we are to be apart. The deep root of sufferance takes its abode in bare and desolate bosoms and mine was not created for that tenant, for I love you and companionship too well to have room for any other guest. The lion is alone and so am I without thy love or sorrow, and may the first ever be our good fortune. We have now got our full cargo on board after a hard time. I have scarcely slept since we left, being up night and day. From that fact am almost worn out, but have a heart, will and constitution to brave and endure all things for the best. We are full to overflowing with passengers. I have been turned out of my room to accommodate them, and sleep any place that I can get. The report is that the fever is largely on the increase at New Orleans, so most of our passengers are destined for points this side. Some of our officers feel a dread of going into the city, but for my part

I feel none, as I am acclimated, yet we should not be too sanguine, for disease and death are inevitable and take us unawares. May God in His Providence protect me. Should I fall, farewell, we shall meet in a better world. Forgive me who has been to thee a fond but unfortunate one. Love my memory, I ask no more. But you, Nannie, can judge of me more kindly than the world. Besides all the good fruit of this life I had hoped to gather up some wealth, power, fame and name, which generally leave some flowers to bloom over the grave of fallen worth, and to extract a little love, friendship and esteem to adorn an epitaph. I have uprooted all my former life and would outlive everything except thy heart, the pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft with unimpaired but not clamorous grief, remember me. But enough of this sad foreboding. I regretted Nannie, being compelled to forego the pleasure it would have otherwise afforded me in seeing you and Mrs. Anthony's family, but as it is it may be for the best. Do not, if possible, neglect to visit my sisters in Louisville. They will be right glad to see you.

I am under the impression your father will

not remove you from your Aunt Sarah's. I think he led you to believe so more to intimidate and coerce you into his measures. Write me a long letter immediately on receipt of this, and let Mark hand, under cover, to Mr. Bushnell of wharf boat and forward so I may intercept at Cairo on our up trip. Be pleased, my dear Nannie, to remember me in the kindest manner to your aunt's family, also Miss Minerva and others. Mark will write me at the mouth and enclose your letter with his. I hope since my departure the "*Tormentors*" have allowed you a little peace of mind. Be just and fear not, corruption wins not more than honesty, and like me, carry in your right hand gentle peace to silence envious bitter tongues. Good bye, my dear Nannie. God bless you, and may all angels watch over and protect you is the fervent prayer.

As ever yours affectionately,

ANTHONY.

September 16, 1855.

MY DEAR MARK:

While I have the sacred privilege of once more addressing you, I embrace that opportu-

nity, although my mind is so confused I can scarce find words to express my true feelings. Dear Mark never doubt my affection, come what may, as long as I have the fullest conviction that your character is what I think it to be, and your intentions toward me are pure, I shall never change. I reflect sometimes my dear, and think it strange that my love for you could be as pure and lasting when I might have been led to believe you the basest of all men; and why did I think otherwise, because I had surer proof than those who call themselves my best friends, and the attachment I formed for you is not a "school girl's fancy," as it was termed, and I would wish you and others to know I have more pride and respect for myself, dear parents, to not deign to notice one I considered unworthy of me. I am a prisoner, having no one to relieve my o'er-fraught heart, and it almost breaks. I see none of my friends, and can only find consolation in solitude, where I can picture for myself a bright and happy future which I hope ere long to realize; but did not think so until to-day, as Estelle is near me and told all. I contrived by means of the alley

to find my way to Mrs. Stoys, where I met E——. No one knows of my coming. If detected I fear the consequences, but I am well paid beyond my expectations. Pa says give him opportunity and he will prove your character to my satisfaction. I wait patiently, but no effort on his part is made to do so. I really believe he is not going to or does not wish to. I put unlimited confidence in your affection, and should it be that some day we may be united, I do not for one moment doubt that I would always be cherished as one you could not ill-treat. I trust no one around me. I fear one whom I have placed the utmost confidence will prove false. How could I ever believe my old friend M—— to betray me. I could write more but am in great haste, as it is time I was getting home. Arrange matters to suit yourself, and it will suit me. May heaven preserve my dear Mark, lead you, guide you, so shall you ever be safe is the daily prayer of your affectionate

NANNIE.

Excuse writing.

ST'M'R SULTANA,
MEMPHIS, *September* 19, '55.

This will be handed you by our friend Mark. I have but a few moments left to drop a line. God bless you, cheer up, for I will do all to return with the documents which will put an end to all the strife which has so long caused us to meet so seldom. Let the world and the faction do and say what they will. The time is not far distant when we will meet to part no more, and renew those better feelings of head and heart which we have been so long deprived of. If possible please write me and hand to Mark in time for me to intercept at Cairo or on our up trip.

My prayers hourly ascend to heaven for protection and nerve through all these trials, shall meet ere long with their just reward. Good bye, and may the benignant powers watch over and protect you is my prayer for ever.

Yours until the latest time,

ANTHONY.

ST'M'R SULTANA, *Monday* 29, 1855.
7 o'clock, p. m.

FRIEND MARK:

I wrote you, Nannie and Alfred from Memphis on our down trip, and was somewhat disappointed in not hearing from you at Cairo, but presume my letters came too late to admit of sufficient time to answer so as I might intercept at that place. At Memphis I received one from Alfred, sad news to learn that Mr. Marsh had taken Nannie home. I had scarcely expected it, though he had threatened to do so. Well, I suppose now the last act of this unfortunate tragedy on his part is closed, but with me it has not, nor never shall, so long as Nannie's feelings remain as they have been. They seem determined to crush the last remnant of happiness and life from out her already poor bleeding heart. Would to God it were not so.

There will yet be a day of deep retribution for those who thus endeavor to blot out all the best and purest impulses of a woman's existence, the only shrine of feeling which they can turn and kneel to with fond idolatry, hope and live. Why would they break the charm of

youth's first brightest dream, and thus wear out the pleasures of the world and sap at length the very springs of life. All of the officers have been well but James Seabrook. He is now recovering, fell from off wharf boat at Natchez and came very nearly being drowned. We learned at New Orleans of the death of your Uncle Alfred. I deeply sympathize with you all. He was a friend of mine always, and regret those social ties of relatives, friends and all should so soon be snapped and laid withering in the dust.

Mark, I will be unable to visit your city tonight, as I am compelled to go to Louisville with the mails and other things of business. Come over soon in the morning. I am anxious to see you and have much to say. See Nannie in the meantime, and say to her I will write her a note to-morrow. Enclosed find one mortal dollar. Ferryage. Give my best wishes to all your worthy family.

Your friend in haste,

ANTHONY.

This note Miss Marsh sent to her cousin Estelle.

DEAR ESTELLE:

This will be the last time I ever expect to address a note to you for fear of being detected. Just as I left you at the gate and got at the corner of the alley; saw Pa crossing the street. He passed us and never spoke, and I looked back and saw him go in the alley. He went for the purpose of seeing if I met any one, but you must have arrived safely in the house by that time. Grandma and I came home as quick as possible and we puzzled our brain in vain, to arrive at a conclusion that we knew would satisfy him, but fortunately he came in and went right to bed without noticing us. This gave us ample time to conjecture what we should say to him without telling a direct falsehood. This morning he went down stairs earlier than usual and asked Mrs. Heaton if I was not at Mrs. Anthony's, that he saw us come out of the alley. She told him no, I was not, and that I had seen a light at the dining-room window and had gone to peep in to see if I saw any of the family. She told him I saw Uncle Jake sitting by the table and Clara reading, which I did. He then wanted to know how near I went to the window, and if I commanded

any one's attention in the room. No; was her answer. Then he came up in my room to see if we told the same story, which had been agreed upon the night previous. I believe he does not think but what we told all that was true, but still he told Mrs. H. he had lost all confidence in me. He said to me he thought grandma had been running to your house too often of late, and if she wanted to stay about the house would have to keep away, therefore she will have to be very cautious. He did not ask me if you were with us, and does not suspect us, but if he does, I shall tell him yes, but that you brought no notes to me, which you did not. I hope the boat is going to lay up. Ask Mark if I must go down the river, I do not want to go and do not know what is best for me. Contrive some means to let them know soon. If it is pleasant I will be past your house this evening between five and six. I am afraid Mrs. H. can do nothing more for us as she will be absent.

It is necessary I should know soon what he thinks about me going down the river. I am in great haste, so excuse writing and paper, composition, etc. Grandma said to Pa, If he

proves his character Nannie says she will not have him until he asks your consent. Pa says, "That is a likely story." I never said that I would not have Mark if he did not ask consent. I cannot tell you how you will receive this, but it will not be grandma that puts it under the door. My love to all. Oh, I *hope* the boat is going to lay up.

St. Bt. Sultana, *Oct.* 9, 1855.

My dear Nannie:

Your affectionate and much welcomed note of the last ultimo came duly to hand through kindness of our friend Mark, and also the one of the 2d inst., which you were coerced to write through the dictation of others, I know all about it Nannie; the sentiments were wrung from you through tyranny, which has had no equal in the history of Inquisition, and of course came only from the hand and lips, not from the heart; so my dear Nannie I understand your position perfectly and rest assured all is well. Our friends too, see the policy of your thus acting, and do not censure you at all. For under the rigid, shameful circumstances you could not do otherwise. Touching

your visit to the south as the protégée of the "Immaculate W——d," permit me, dear Nannie, to suggest some ideas which may prove successful to our best wishes and highest aims, since you *have given me the go by,* and I am compelled to yield my just right and title to your hand and heart. You know what I mean, Nannie. *"Ah Hem,* for the time being, play the game out just as you have started it and lead the W——d" to infer that you have yielded to her wish. Your Aunt Sarah will see you soon after our departure and explain all, which will be gratifying to us. Endeavor my Nannie to be cheerful and make the best out you can; they have had their day, and say, and ours will come next, should you arrive in New Orleans previous to us address a note to me through the post-office, care Alexander Norton & Co., which will be immediately taken out and held for me at their store, and state name and number of street. In Louisiana there will be no difficulty in procuring license, and should we get half an opportunity, day or night, we can give them the slip, without fear or favor, and immediately come up the river on the "Sultana." Your friends, Captain Bently,

James Seabrooks, all will be with us to watch over and protect us.

When a proper time arrives I will meet Mrs. T. face to face, and cause her to take back all she has said against me, which is as false as Hell itself, and cause her cheeks to burn and corrode with shame—at the infidelity of her right of truth. Be of good cheer, Nannie, the day of their rule of bribery and corruption is fast drawing to a close, then will ours loom up bright and pure to meet the reward which has so long been withheld. Sister Annie goes home on Monday the 15th inst., and will visit New Albany on day previous to her departure, and says she is bound to see you; so when she comes over, the first place to call will be upon you, and on entering the gate will loudly call: "Nannie, Nannie." You come quickly to meet her, even if but a few moments. She loves you Nannie as dearly as myself, and will brave all dangers to serve us. Alas, Nannie, it is my weary destiny to be a nestler of life's leafless bowers. Still ever to thee flies my bleeding heart to weep and brood over the silent sepulchre of joys, for the time being, wrecked upon the night-shrouded sea of years, yet still

passion there bends in sorrow over the brightest hopes of its fond realization. But faithful memory keeps its vigils there to watch the waning sunlight of its fantasies. But in the hours of loneliness, how often like a bright meteor came thy fair form of love and purity, as it were an angel's visit, to breathe its blessings on this child of sorrow they have ever found kneeling and worshiping to catch the whisperings of thy sleepless mind, for it was no intrusion on my solitude to blend the echo of their vesper songs with the wild music of my heart's lyre. But, Nannie, I am forced to go far far away from thy pure spirit, who has made, and shall ever make, the morning of my years as beautiful and happy as a fresh coronal of Eden's flowers, and thou too art one on whom I have gazed and remembered until my soul has drunk up the goodness of its divinity to give my heart a portion of thy soft unwavered purity. Yet with all these high hopes and glorious aspirations, I am compelled to be a wanderer through the dim decaying flowers that deck life's desert garden, where the eye often looks back and sparkles bright with sympathy's tear. So then, amid the silent wreck of wasted time, as some

fair temple, thou shalt ever rise, where my heart will dwell on dreams of ecstasy, to weep and worship, and where passion's voice will breathe thy unforgotten name as if it would impart devotion to its prayer; and my own Nannie, thou wilt fondly be remembered until the sun of my existence goes down and sets amid the stars that tell us of the coming night-time of life's weary day, so we shall be free and happy hereafter. My Nannie you will hear from me again at Memphis, through Mark; do if possible write me a few lines and hand him to enclose for me. Now Nannie, be of good cheer, all things will be O. K. for us in a short time. Do not permit your meek spirit to be so unhappy. Let the fiends go on and taunt, our time is coming for peace and happiness.

Yours as ever,

ANTHONY.

Let no one see this and burn it up.

NEW ALBANY, IND., *Oct.* 28, 1855.

MY DEAREST MARK:

The note is received, and I need hardly say it was a source of great consolation. It is proof

enough for me of the fidelity and constancy of your love, but to satisfy others, dear Mark, I would have you call forward those pretended friends and compel them to own the truth. Pa says: "Do you suppose I would let a man slander my character as I have Mark Anthony's, and not resent it. This is all he can talk about now, and pretends to say that if you have a character he does not wish to deprive you of it. Have no scruples, dear Mark in having him prove what he asserts. It is right and proper that he should. Do so, and I shall be doubly content. It appears he has had a conversation with Captain H. Smith, and from what he tells me I assure you my dear Mark is not much to your credit, and as for what Mrs. Smith has said, how could I believe it when it has been so positively denied by your sister Annie, I suppose you have heard ere this of the success of her visit. I was surprised and delighted as it afforded me an opportunity of hearing from you, and I love Annie as dearly as a sister.

Mrs. Heaton is our friend, and I feel under many obligations to her for her kindness to me, which if it had been otherwise would have rendered me twice as unhappy. But as it is,

I have one to relieve my overburdened heart in speaking of the past joys and those to come, and oh, how she sympathizes with you, and says how unjust the world is in its suspicion. I am allowed to roam at large, but it would be imprudent just now for me to speak if I should chance to meet you in the street, which I shall strive to do when the boat arrives. I still think of going south with Mrs. W——d.

Oh, Mark, it grieves me to think that Pa will act in such a manner when I believe he knows in the honesty of his heart he has no just cause, and we obliged to act clandestinely that our highest hopes in the future may be realized; but dear Mark, this heart and hand is all thine own till the last. I know my heart gives to thee a love which time shall not estrange and absence cannot alter. You will ever be remembered while the pulse of life beats warm and free. Would you, dear Mark, think it proper to ask Pa's consent to our marriage, or no. Do as you please, for it is certain you would be refused. I will be content as it is. I hope to hear from you soon, dear Mark.

Faithful till the last,

NANNIE.

October 30, 1855.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

Your last note is duly at hand, the most affectionate, comprehensive, and best one that I have ever received. In reply this head and heart has a thousand things to say, but is so troubled that I scarcely know when or how to begin.

Touching Nannie, the sincerity of my love for you, the honesty of my intentions, take every note, letter, act or thought, and have they breathed aught but sentiments which tend to elevate us in the scale of being, my first, last love, with you it began, with you it shall only cease when I am no more. Nannie, should it be our sad fatality never to be united, know that this heart, soul, blood, passion, and every pure feeling which God has given shall go down to the grave unchanged. Even then will it turn finally and hope for a reward in the next world, which had been so unjustly denied me in this. Relative to my character, it was never stained nor dishonored, nor never shall be, although that packed, petty court-martial of judges, jury, witnesses and old women have endeavored to interdict a paradox striving to

torture every trivial act or thought into something wonderful. They have failed thus far and always will, outside their immediate clique.

The just in the course of time meet their reward, so we shall yet have ours, and a day of retribution will sooner or later overtake those who have flagrantly violated every sense of right and charity. So far as getting a statement from those who have known me best in a business and social nature, say Captain Malbon, Captain Bently, James Seabrook, and a host of others, they will, without hesitating, satisfy you and others who and what I am. I dishonored, Nannie, no! never! They are dishonored. As for getting a certificate to this effect to gratify Mrs. W——d, never. To please you I would quickly, and to-day in mentioning this matter to Captain Malbon and Mr. Seabrook they hooted at the idea. I stated I wished it alone for you, I also spoke of Mr. Lanham, having said something which was construed detrimental to me, Captain Malbon said it was a falsehood. He, Lanham, he knew never did, and had always spoken of me in favorable terms; as for Captain Henry Smith's statement, you know, Nannie, that is not so,

because Miss May told the truth and it redounded to my credit. But other influences, through Mrs. J—— and the whole faction, the honest truth was crushed to earth and falsehood usurped for the time being, base, weak, subterfuge and tyranny. It seems strange that these persons treat me so respectfully when thrown together, it is certainly a lack of independence or fear that they should associate with one who is so unworthy. No, Nannie, all this fudge and wonderful tirade won't do so far as I am concerned. It does not affect me one jot or tittle, other than the mortification and grief it causes you. As for the rest of the world, I care not whether I am remembered or forgotten, only in your estimation I would wish to live. My merit has thus sustained me and shall ever, for I have no wealth to sustain me. But thank God, a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience. I have neither outraged the laws of God or man. That I am no saint, or paragon of piety or perfection is most true. I have never made any pretentions that way, who is free from sin or frailty. 'Tis mortal to err, it is divine to forgive, and the errors of my life are perhaps many, but

they are those of the head, not heart, and lean to the softer side of the heart, where they should ever meet with palliation. There are some indiscretions of life which are made venial by the occasion. But the gods of fortune wait upon the gods of fate, and such is our destiny to those who have endeavored to injure me, for it has only been an attempt. I have charity enough to send them to the recording angel, to have their sins purged away. Nannie, so soon as I can meet with Captain S——, I will make him show his hand, and as for Mrs. T——, will do myself the felicity of waiting upon her immediately on my arrival in New Orleans. Now my dear Nannie, one last request at your hands. Hold to the love and confidence you have for a time, until a fitting season will give me an opportunity to prove to you and the world I am not the unworthy creature others would wish you to believe me. As for your father, why does he not go to Captain Malbon, Captain Bently, Captain Smith, or James Seabrook, and ask them their opinion of me. No, he does not want to do it, he knows full well what answer he will get. The ring I purchased for you is in Estelle's charge, also the

kerchief. It would be imprudent perhaps for you to wear either. But the ring * perhaps with less danger than the other, so if you wish, my dear Nannie, take it from Estelle and wear it for my sake. The design is somewhat appropriate, " a knot," may our hopes, love and happiness be like unto its circle, being typical of eternity, having no end. But what, alas! gems or jewels to you or I who have almost beheld the hopes, the cherished hopes of life well nigh crushed and lain withering in the dust, when it should have been fresh and green garlanding our brows. You ask, Nannie, for me to be honest, frank, faithful, how can I to you be otherwise; can I forget to love and serve you and be prosperous and happy? No, never. Can the soul forget its immortality and live? Can the Christian forget his God and hope for salvation? No, Nannie, mark the oracle, for

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* Miss Marsh was wearing the wedding ring around her neck. She had on a low-necked dress. Her aunt saw the string to which it was attached. She jerked it out and took it from her, and said, " Did Mark give you that?" She said," Yes." Her aunt said, " You shan't wear it." " I don't care if I don't; you give it back to me or I will leave this house this instant."

I now swear before heaven's high chancery that never * from these lips shall aught but kindness and consolation murmur forth. For your happiness and comfort from this heart, mind and body shall their best and faithful efforts go to promote your interest in every sense. What base heart told you that I would be unkind and neglectful to you. That never was in my nature under any circumstances, much less when I love and cherish as I do you. Live Nannie, if you can, in the confidence of these facts, for they are true; neither time or circumstances that unspiritual God can make no change in me, although perhaps you may be taught at length to forget. Wherever should you go this heart will turn to thee like a faithful pilgrim to the mecca of the East. Even though I am spurned and forgotten, I will not complain of my lot nor cherish aught for you, Nannie, but peace, happiness and prosperity in this world and the next. I am so pressed with business that my mind is ill prepared to write a finished piece of rhetoric or diction as I would

* She said after forty-three years of married life, he was the same gallant lover and gentleman he was from the first.

otherwise do were my mind more calm. In all the notes and letters you have ever received from me they speak the one holy wish of heart first and last for you Nannie. I would resign home, family, friends and all that you might live alone in "the book and volume of my brain, unmixed with other ties or interests." This dome of thought, the palace of the soul, would make your image the temple and shrine where I would ever kneel with truth and purity in preference to all else this world could offer, and pour its oblations forth with an unceasing fountain. God bless you Nannie. My prayer hourly ascends to heaven for its protective power over you.

ANTHONY.

P. S.—You must destroy this or give to Mark.

Oh, tell me how and by what means may I control, to bring the hour that calls thee mine. How may I teach my drooping hope to linger, until that blessed time when thou art mine. I'll tell thee for our sakes, I will lay hold of all good deeds each moment that is mine, while

thou, fond one, art far from me. So may this doomed-time build up in thee a thousand graces, which may yet be thine, so may my honor, love and longing hallowed be, and thy dear thoughts create an influence divine.

A.

"Better trust all and be deceived
And weep that trust and that deceiving
Than doubt one heart, which, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

To Nannie.

Give me the hand that firmly in mine
Speaks in its grasp I am worthy of thine.
Though wild be the path as onward we stray,
I'll hold that hand dearer, the darker our way.
If such be our ties and such be our life
Mingling on earth, may they mingle above.
A true heart hath its own in fondness and fears,
And seeks that one home in joy or in tears.

On board St. Bt. Sultana,
November 1, 1855.

My dear Nannie:

Your doubly welcomed note of the 28th ultimo, came to hand yesterday, and deeply

regretted in one cause, that the allied powers still continue to traduce and slander me, and from that fact you were rendered still more unhappy. So far as I am concerned personally, let them go on and multiply themselves in sin and misery, for what else have they created, "In the pride of place." I calmly smile in the proud consciousness of innocence at the design of their false, recreant attempts to sully a name, character and fame, which is too proud to be incisive, and too unyielding in its nature to gratify their wish. In their opinion I am a villain, a sot and a libertine, accusations which are as false as Hell itself.

My dear Nannie, none but the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust, yet, it seems difficult for you to disbelieve them, and in the freest, fullest, and most independent sense of my own innocence from those charges I will stand alone, remembered or forgotten. But my dear Nannie, for your satisfaction alone, in order to reconcile a degree of doubt, which may lay heavily upon your heart and soul, I have procured the signatures of Captain Sol. Malbon, of St. Bt. "Lucy Robinson,"

and Mr. James Seabrook, of this boat, setting forth what they know and believe of me as a gentleman, and smiling with contempt at the baseness of their dark, malicious, and unjust accusations.

My dearest Nannie, oh how this poor agonized heart vibrates and beats with sorrows, throbs at the idea of your lonely and hard fate, and I be so near and debarred the high privilege and pleasure of extracting you from so much misery. But dear Nannie, be yet patient and go cheerfully to New Orleans with the W——ds. Then I can get the license, and only want but ten minutes start of the whole pack to consummate our only good and perfect wish. You must endeavor to send me a note at New Orleans, through the post-office. Address to the care of Messrs. Alexander Norton & Co., so I may intercept, and all will go well. I have been so pressed with business, having but just yesterday arrived, and depart to-day, that it was with difficulty I could snatch a few moments to transport these few feeble but honest, disjointed sentences. When more time permits I will write at length, say from

Cairo. Good bye, may God watch over and protect you is my fervent prayer.

Yours forever,

ANTHONY.

ON BOARD ST'M'R SULTANA,
NEW ORLEANS, *November* 7, 1855.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

Thank God this is the proudest and happiest moment of my life, and I know you feel so too. Clinton's despatch came to hand a day or two since, and its purport took a weight of wretchedness from off my heart and soul, which had for so long a time nearly crushed me to the earth.

But phœnix-like I have risen, and truth and justice have at length met with their reward. Dearest Nannie, my heart is so full that I scarcely know what to say, so you must excuse brevity of this note, and in a few days I will write you more in detail. The boat is laid up for the present, and all parties paid off, and I am at a loss what to do, whether to come up immediately or remain a week or two. James Seabrook seems to think I had better wait, as the boat may possibly start up in that time.

So far as my own feelings are concerned I would start this evening; but perhaps it is better that I should forego that pleasant wish to see what will next arrive for the mutual benefit of all parties. Captain Bently expects me to remain on the packet, so if I should start up some one would have to make a trip for me. I should have answered Clinton's despatch ere this, but the wires are broken, but will be working by Monday, when I will send forward mine. Nannie, every day we lay here seems an age, and I live in hope that the captain will not repair the boat here and put her up for Louisville soon. Then I will soon meet you face to face, and heart and hand together; then will this heart unbosom itself and tell more than feeble thoughts on paper have power to convey. As it is we must abide a future opportunity. May God in his providence ordain that the day may not be far distant. Nannie, the book and volume of heart and brain are too full of love and sympathy, for you my dearest to admit of any other tenant to lodge there. Hence I do not feel disposed to comment upon that which has caused this happy reconciliation lest it should mar the pleasure which it affords

me in knowing that it is so; and that is glory enough at present for me. Remember me kindly to all. May the benignant powers watch over and protect you, is my fervent prayer. Yours affectionately and faithfully,

Forever,

M. ANTHONY.

ON BOARD ST'M'R SULTANA,
NEW ORLEANS, *November* 17, 1855.

FRIEND CLINTON:

Your despatch of the 10th inst., came to hand a day or two since, and would have answered ere this but was at a loss what to say, as our captain is undecided about laying up the boat, and the wires are all down. I do assure you the purport of the despatch was the most gratifying news I ever received, and so surprised too as to scarcely know what construction to put upon it. But although reconciled in my mind, the doubt, and rejoiced that the unfortunate war had closed, the allied powers had withdrawn their forces, and peace once more reigns supreme; and may the day be far distant when those social, friendly and sacred relations may be again interrupted. Here

Clinton is a hand to give and a heart to forgive, and to those who have so unjustly been blinded in their prejudices towards me. I am willing to forgive, and send them to the recording angel that a tear may be dropped upon the memory of their acts and be blotted out forever. I too will nobly cast over their erring deeds and thoughts the broad mantle of forgetfulness, and lull to sleep in its ample folds those wounds which they too hastily had created, and if indulged in again would cause to bleed afresh which no aftertime might heal.

I do not know as yet whether the captain will lay the boat up one, two or three weeks, and from that fact I am undecided what to do; will despatch you in a day or two. The steamer "S. F. J. Trahie" has been sold to run in the Vicksburg trade, so Captain T—— and Mr. Pigman are overboard. The captain's family, I understand, are on a visit at present to Florida, otherwise I would have called upon her ladyship and had an explanation to her statement derogatory to my character. But let it go, as words are idle now, and bitter recriminations vain. Enclosed please find a letter to Miss Nannie, which please do me the kindness

to hand her soon. Touching the friendly interest Clinton you and your estimable family have manifested towards me in this association, be pleased to accept my most hearty gratitude, and may it soon be in my power to reciprocate the kindness. Remember me in kind regards to the family, and believe

Yours truly,
ANTHONY.

A penned epistle to an admirer.

To MISS W———

Well I wish I was a painter I should die
At thirty of my three score years and ten
It would distil my life so—why to sit
For hours and gaze on Innocence, to look in
Beneath a lifted lash upon an eye
And drink up its expression till my skill
Could breathe it into color—to be set,
To imitate a spell that in my veins
Was thrilling like the music of a sphere,
To gaze and gaze upon a ripe red lip,
Till I could make one like it and arrest
A smile that could make angels loiter
And not be children—Hang me E——

If the thoughts don't burn me up.
I'll go to Italy, will you go along?

AN ENTHUSIAST.

THE BRIDESMAID.

The bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er,
Dancing is weary, and the joy of song
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hushed, the flower arcaded halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee;
For even luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose;
But see the dawn's gray streaks are stealing through
The high-arched windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one who, with a breaking heart, hath stol'n
From the gay revels of that jocund night
To vent freely unpitied agony alone;
In fearful immobility of frame
And feature sits she in her blank despair,
Like the sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent woe—but oh, not woe like hers,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears; Her dark, dilated eye
Is fixed on things she sees not nor regards;

Her silent lute lies near, its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skillful touch.
For he who praised its sounds and lived to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings
Hath made all music discord to her soul.
Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling at her sight—but what alas
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes,
The cherished hopes, of life forever crush'd
And withering in the dust like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad and aching brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens hang it on her tomb.
Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with bridal train.
Of her false love—aye those who coldly scanned
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling pride
In that dread hour had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears.

A knell to hers at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrightened never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betrayed
The tearless bridemaid's secret agony.
The task is o'er, and she is now alone
Musing o'er memory of hopes that were
But are for her nothing but vanishing dreams.
Are they for which she mourns, she'd mourn
no more
Could she behold him as he really is,
Stripped of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol, she would turn away
And marvel that a heart so pure as hers
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

Thus ends the love letters of courtship to one whose love never diminished, but continued with a fire and enthusiasm that was never quenched while life lasted. Thus runs true love that was real, that fiction writers cannot imitate, and is the spontaneous outpouring of the heart to the object of his affections. Evidently from the following letters it was a runaway after all. They were married at St. Louis, Mo., by James L. Watts, a Methodist minister, I having the certificate in my possession. One

year after, stopping at the hotel, in St. Louis, he comments on the sacred vows they avowed a year previous. We have yet in store a rich lot of letters that will show to the world a man, though married, should never cease the gallant, gentlemanly courtesies that are due the wife of his bosom that make up the sum of life a rich whole; that makes life with all its varied experiences a haven of rest to the tired, weary soul, for " no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it even as Christ the church."

Miss Marsh's father was so opposed to her marrying that he offered her a thousand dollars in diamonds and a trip to Europe not to marry Mr. Anthony.

They were married December 7th, 1855.

First letter after marriage:

ON BOARD ST'M'R FLORIDA,
VICKSBURG, *December* 17, '55.

MY DEAREST AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

I trust, my dear Nannie, your sojourn at our good sister Henrietta's has been pleasant, and all your expectations fully realized.

Doubtless many of your New Albany friends have waited upon you, with the usual manifestations of long life full of usefulness and happiness. The presumed anticipations hoped for by those who have just entered upon a new state of existence, which life only once may know—with all its sweet promises and smiles. Ere you will have time to intercept another letter, the drawing of a new year will have risen upon us. Permit me, my dear Nannie, to wish you and all of us a very many happy returns of the same, each one witnessing to ourselves and the world that we have not lived in vain, but as useful and worthy members of society exercising an influence which shall descend in blessing upon ours and our posterity. You have met with your father, perhaps, and I indulge the fond hope that you were received kindly, at least respectfully. As for your aunt, I do not care a straw whether she does or does not ever visit you. But as far as I am concerned I am willing to forgive them, and in the language of Holy Writ, exclaim, "Go and sin no more." We laid by a few evenings since in company with St'm'r "Antelope." Mr. Beeler the clerk, and Captain Brown visited our boat

and was not aware that we were married, but said New Albany was in quite a furor touching the runaway scrape, and a small individual about your name and size associated with an Anthony had been the instigation of a deal of excitement and gossip, which, by the way, was some relief from the dull times. I cannot as yet inform you whether we load for the Ohio or not. I hope so. At any rate, you will hear from me often. Answer this at Memphis. Will get it on the up trip. Boat about leaving. Good bye and God bless you is the prayer of

Your affectionate husband,

M. ANTHONY.

ON BOARD ST'M'R FLORIDA,
AT NEW ORLEANS,
December 21, '55.

DEAR NANNIE:

Enclosed please find thirty dollars pin money. Use as you like, according to your good wisdom. Last night, much against my inclination, I was induced to visit the Orleans theatre with our Captain and Mr. Steele. The opera upon the occasion was *"Jerusalem,"* with an ele-

gant cast and a fashionable audience. The élite of the South and West was well represented, and when the gorgeous curtain arose and the music pealed forth its seraphic swell, the garlands, the roses odors, the sparkling eyes from fair women, flashing ornaments, white arms, raven tresses, braids and bracelets, swan-like bosoms, flashing betwixt our gaze and the stars, all the delusion of the giddy scene, art and nature in its false and true enchantment, such, my dearest Nannie, was the adventure of last night; and only one regret pervaded my soul, that you were not with me to realize and appreciate the scene. Oh, how I sympathize with those who have not the opportunity nor senses to see the perfect and beautiful works of nature and art, nor hear the sweet symphonies of nature, nor have powers of speech to carol forth the best and purest aspirations of the heart and soul. Our mutual friend and cousin, James Seabrook, is here—sends his best regards to you, but does not go on the St'm'r "Sultana." From that fact his better feelings are crushed, but phœnix-like, his worth and excellence will still rise above

the sordid and recreant acts of this world and meet with its just reward in the fulness of time.

Call upon his wife. Rebecca is one of the noblest of natures. My disappointment is poignant in not being able to meet you at Louisville, but trust to do so ere long. In the meantime, my fondest and best, be reconciled, though the struggle is keen, and when the realization of best anticipation is developed, the joy will be doubly sweet.

Ever your devoted husband,

M. ANTHONY.

My prayers through all time circumstances ever are offered up for heaven's protecting power.

ON BOARD ST'M'R FLORIDA,
AT MEMPHIS, *December* 29, '55.

MY DEAREST, AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

I am pleased to learn of your good health and contentment at sister Henri's, and trust you may continue so until we meet. Then a joy beyond that shall be realized to us. When that wildly welcomed time may come, I at present cannot prophesy. Time, although con-

sidered rapid in its flight, seems, my dearest, to pass wearily by, when absent from all I hold fond and sacred on earth. Cheer up, my little one. Hope points its irradiating beams to better days and a bright future. Borne of sad circumstances, or wafted by the waters far from you, be thou the star that guides the wanderer. Thou, thou, my sweet Nannie, share and bless my humble lot, the dove of peace and promise to my heart, the rainbow of the storms of life to soothe each sorrow, share in each delight, blend every thought of happiness in one. Nannie, I never gazed upon thy sweet face, so wildly spiritually, intelligently bright, and turned away to the cold world without regret to think that happiness was so brief. Even now I wish for wings to flee away and be with you and commingle my love with yours eternal. But such for the present is imperative destiny, yet, my dear Nannie, all is well that ends well. Permit me to wish you, our family and friends a merry, a happy Christmas and New Year.

What has been our fondest hopes, our highest aspirations, since the closing of the last year, we at least have been successful in the great

wish of our hearts and the grand scheme of life in being united, and that is Christmas and New Year enough for me. Then let us banish every cloud of sorrow from within the sphere of our actions and let the bright sky of happiness beam bright over our future career on these great days and all after time, is the earnest prayer of your own Anthony. The weather has been bitter cold all the way up. At Natchez it snowed, it is predicted we will have a cold winter; what will become of those poor creatures who have no fire, no clothing, and but little food. I pity them, and had I the wealth of Crœsus would make them all comfortable. The immaculate and incomparable Mrs. W—— arrived at New Orleans the evening before we left and had sent for cousin James to escort her to lodging. She asked if he had seen our new relative, and he replied in the affirmative. He is well and hard at work. She said she hoped I would prosper and be happy; regretted we had run away, and remarked if we had waited a time and got married respectably she would have given us a grand wedding party, and you my dear Nannie, an outfit, to say an elegant wardrobe. What a pity you got

cut out of all those good clothes. Hem—weugh—wardrobe. Perhaps the $100 diamond ring which you did not get upon a former occasion, would have been forthcoming, well, I don't think you will go uncomfortably clad, nor get in a state of nudity for want of those envious jewels or rustling silks. James gently rebuked her in the stubborn and unnatural stand she had taken in our affairs, and she wept tears of anguish. Poor woman, I have yet charity enough to wish her peace of mind and content, but conscience does make cowards of us all, and that faithful monitor has but little consolation for her. I had gone on board the White to get a Louisville paper. There I observed the lady in the distance, perhaps it lent enchantment to the view. She doubtless saw me, but made no manifestation of recognition. If she had I would have treated her respectfully. As it is no matter, all further comments or reflections upon her are idle, let her go and may she be happy. All I would claim from her is the charity of her silence. Do please stir up your letter-writing qualities, for they are not limited, and see if you cannot send me a mortal long document. You need not be particular to

make them like angel's visits, few and far between, but the more the better; our boat is famous for its quiet, no passengers, men nor women, to bother us. As for solitude we have our fill, and think I would make a very good Zimmerman No. 2, as my mind is less free from the excitement of hum of crowd, I can have consolation in thinking of home and thee, my little Nannie. A grand occasion to wear out old clothes. No stewardess to wash, no barber to shave, no barkeeper to deal out villainous poison; so there is a fine opening to reform and make good men out of us. I hope my dear Nannie, the statement relative to your father burning our letters unopened may prove untrue. I have a better opinion of him than to suppose he could be so totally lost to every sense of charity, forgiveness, and affection, as not to at least deign to hear what we had to say on a subject so important, and one which I had hoped now would, after so long a family feud, be wrapped up in the mantle of forgetfulness. It is time this war should close, it has been protracted already too long, we have done no wrong, should fear no harm, be just then and let approving conscience harmonize the dis-

pensation with us. Bitter recriminations, strife and contention were never tenants of my head or heart. They have no business there; Peace, Peace, thy ways are pleasant, and may our footsteps be ever guided lightly and cheerfully through all her paths. My dear Nannie you write at times as though your mind becomes touched with skepticism and your heart a suspicious sanctuary, relative to my pure love and disinterested idolatry, have no fears, my best one on that score. In giving you my hand I gave you a heart with its true, loyal, and honest impulses, which was all I had, and then deemed the gift but as poverty, because I had no more to give. In return you gave your all, the immediate jewels of woman's existence, love and constancy.

TO MY WIFE.

Give me the hand that firmly in mine
Speaks in its grasp, I am worthy of thine.
Tho' wild be the path as onward we stray,
I'll hold that hand dearer, the darker our way.
If such be our fond ties and such be our love,
Mingling on earth, may they mingle above.
A true heart hath its own in fondness and fears,
And seeks that one home in joy or in tears.

When you visit New Albany, the first and last scene of our sorrows and joys, remember me to all our relatives and friends in the kindest manner. I may as well set my seal upon this sheet.

Your
ANTHONY.

LOUISVILLE, *January* 5, 1856.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND:

I have been so uncertain in regard to the boat getting to this place that I have not attempted to write. I had cherished the hope that in a few days I would meet you. Would I could see you to-day. It seems a long, long time since we parted. I have now the assurance that I can see you in the course of time, and I trust ere long; but there was once a time my soul yearned toward you, and could only indulge a fond hope of meeting you, but all has not proved to me a delusion, and how happy and content I am. I have no other thought but of you, and how I should retain your devotion by pure motives of my own, for my own Mark, your welfare and happiness are dear to me; and if I could ever add to your comfort in any

sense, believe no effort could be too great. I spent my Christmas holiday with my New Albany friends, where I was kindly greeted during that time. I never once met father. I would go to him Mark, if I could avail anything. But he is singularly disappointed, that I think the less he is approached the better for us. He has said perhaps he had treated me harshly; but he forms his conclusions and is obstinately tenacious of them. I have no doubt that in time he will discover his own error in taking such a position. Do you think, dear Mark, that if Aunt Add should exhibit any inclination to become our friend it would be through disinterested motives. I may judge her wrong, but I cannot think so. When she premeditatively sought to destroy my peace and happiness. I never could deny any one forgiveness, but I cannot forget all. Mr. and Mrs. M—— have gone to Wisconsin, and regretted leaving until they could meet you to congratulate you upon your good success in "church and state affairs." I accept your humble acknowledgment, and trust the real with the ideal will be duly at hand ere long, I wish the quietude of the boat would in some

degree be the means of your leading a good life, for we should all try to be as good as possible. I heard from your sister Annie, she had just received the papers containing our marriage notice, and your father had just received your letter dated from St. Louis. Annie is rejoiced to hear of our marriage, and also your father and mother. Think of me often, dearest Mark, as one who will strive to prove worthy of your love. Good bye, and may I always be to you a fond affectionate wife.

NANNIE L. ANTHONY.

DIAMOND ISLAND,
ON BOARD ST'M'R FLORIDA.

Here we are at this place frozen up, and the ice gorged fifty yards on each side. Boat is in a very critical position, the rudder cut away, hog chains broken, careened over and leaking. No boat can get to us to render assistance, so we have all got the horrors. No money and but few provisions. Have left our down trip unsettled at New Orleans, having but a few dollars on board, otherwise some of the officers would go to their homes. Rest content until you hear from or see me. It does seem, my

dearest Nannie, as though fate warred against us. We were separated almost from our earliest acquaintance, through our courtship, and after our marriage, sad destiny. But these vicissitudes, coming so early now, I think may be the precursor of a better and happier hereafter. Beware of prosperity and firm in adversity, you will be cherished and protected I trust until I meet you. May it not be long. Your ever devoted and affectionate husband,

M. ANTHONY.

Miss Marsh was sixteen years and a few months old when married.

MOUNT VERNON, *January* 13, '56.

MY BELOVED AND HONORED WIFE:

Mr. Steele and myself are here after a cold walk of ten miles from our boat laying above to procure provisions, having run short of coffee, sugar, meat, etc. Our packet still lies in a precarious position. The ice is now gorged and frozen on both sides, for one hundred yards, the river has fallen some four or five feet since we first grounded, and the weather yet very cold, with but a faint prospect of

moderation. The boat is leaking freely, and has damaged considerable freight in the hold; nothing short of a general break up and rise will do any good. From thence we will be compelled to go on the way at Paducah for repairs. It may be few days, may be months. Could I predict that result definitely at any future time I would venture to Louisville to see you, my dear Nannie, at any cost or difficulty. We paid off half our deck crew with due bills yesterday, and the officers under half pay. Tight papers, but cannot be avoided. The Captain, Mr. Steele, myself and all hands half dead with the blues in the middle of the river, with the most dangerous difficulty to make the shore on urgent business. No town above or below us, nearer than eight or ten miles. I met with an individual, Mr. Ferris, of Nashville, on the steamer "Lebanon," which boat lightened off part of our cargo, who seemed to be acquainted with many persons of New Albany. Among the rest I interrogated him relative to a lady of the name of Miss Marsh, who ran away recently with a gentleman by the name of Anthony and was married. He stated he was not acquainted

with the Anthony, but had met you but a few days previous at your aunt's, little dreaming I was the aforesaid benedict. It was quite amusing, and from the fact of his meeting you in New Albany, I was at a loss to know whether you were located there or only on a visit. Hence, I scarcely knew where to direct my letters. Well, my great little good woman, I have received but one letter since I left you last. Doubtless you have written several to be interrupted at points below, so they will be doubly welcome when they come. Write immediately on receipt of this, for I am nearly crazed to hear from you, the only creature on earth whom I am interested in and linked to by ties the most sacred and dear, ties such as a perfect existence in all its joys and sorrows may once know, and rounds up the sweetest harmonies of life into a perfect bliss, which nothing here below can give or take away. But the bright particular creature itself with all its promises, smiles and holy oracles. Thus you, my dearest Nannie, are the talisman which, like oil on the tempestuous billows of life's stormy sea, calms and soothes its troubles, and without the consolation of knowing there

was an eye that watched my coming and would look brighter when I came, and a fond heart which throbbed in unison with mine in weal or woe, this world with all its high hopes and noble aspirations would moulder cold and low. But as it is, I entwine my hopes with thine my fond one, and thus lend an additional charm to all the manifold circumstances of a transitory existence, which makes up the sum of happiness and prosperity, the chief aim and end of all mortality. Answer and address, Mount Vernon, Ind. To-morrow, Monday the 14th, Mr. Steele and I foot it back to the boat, having sent our groceries up on an ox team, a cold weary pedestrian feat, but we are warmly clad and will get bravely over it in a few days. It seems as though all travel on the packet's business devolves upon us to accomplish well. We will endeavor to prove worthy and competent for all calls of emergency, as Richelieu famously says in the bright lexicon of youth, there should be no such word as fail. My dear Nannie I should have written the Judge, Mark, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd, and all our family, but the fact is, under existing circumstances I am at a loss what to say to them that is amusing, use-

ful or witty, so concentrated all in writing to you, which affords me more pleasure than all else. Yet a just sense of duty and courtesy should prompt me otherwise. Say to them not to think I have forgotten them nor their kindness, for no continued effort on my part could fully reciprocate the many generous acts which I have been the recipient of. Present my very best regards to all, and believe ever your devoted and affectionate husband,

M. ANTHONY.

LOUISVILLE, *January* 16, '56.

MY BEST BELOVED HUSBAND:

I am thankful I find a favorable opportunity of writing you a few lines, for if you anxiously awaited intelligence from one beloved as I have strived patiently to hear from or see you, a letter would be extremely gratifying, which I have no doubt my dearest Mark such is the case with you. But a few moments ago I received your letter from Mount Vernon. Thanks to the papers which have in some degree enabled me to learn a few particulars of the situation of the boat, and I assure you have been carefully watched every morning to

gain further knowledge. For a time I indulged a fond hope of meeting, but each morning brought no cherished form whom I might welcome from my inner soul. Why is it, my beloved Mark, that cruel fate serves us. When will the long wished for time arrive when we shall meet, would to heaven that time were here now; but I will not murmur, and banish each regret hoping all is for the best. What a dreary, monotonous time you have spent amid ice and cold weather. How I longed to be with you to share your solitude, and relieve you of that dreadful malady, the "blues." I can truly sympathize with you from experience. I feel light-hearted this evening my own dear one, which always is the consequences of the reception of a letter from my husband, who is far dearer to me than all earthly beings, and I wish I could at all times find sentiments to express my real and true feelings, which seem to fail me at the time most wished for. In future I will give evidence by actions if not by words, my dear Mark, of my devotion, affection, love. On last Wednesday the thermometer stood at twenty degrees below zero at six

o'clock in the morning. The river at this point yesterday was entirely frozen over.

THURSDAY MORNING.

DEAREST MARK:

Bedtime came before I finished your letter, and after a long and pleasant dream, awoke and find t'was but a dream; would I could realize it, for I was with you. Be assured, dearest Mark, I am constantly thinking of you and your desolate place, where there is no one to cheer you or sympathize with you. Good bye my best loved one. Heaven protect you from all danger.

Your faithful and devoted wife,
N. L. ANTHONY.

EVANSVILLE, IND., *February,* 1856.

MY DEAR AND MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

On my arrival here at hotel the first person I met was the partner of my St. Bt. career, Mr. Steele, anxiously waiting my arrival. I was right glad to see him. Steele is one of the noblest of nature. He enquired particularly kind after my (better half) and hoped you

were blessed, happy and healthy in being the partner of an unfortunate river character. Of course I replied we should ever be the two former, as for the latter I did not say anything about your being as fat as our friend Miss J——. Met Mr. and Mrs. Faucett, with whom I had a long conversation about New Albany and ourselves in particular. She warmly congratulated me in my final triumph and success in marrying (an estimable young lady for whom she had a very high regard.) On Tuesday weather became quite cold. Had I have known the result I could have remained with you longer, my dearest Nannie, which would have afforded me infinite pleasure. But orders must be obeyed if owner are broken and hearts well nigh too. I did not fully realize the idea of parting with one to whom I had treasured up in my heart of hearts the fond hope of being with in this transitory life, and forever in eternity, hereafter until I had gone. The full force and realization flashed sadly and keenly on my heart and soul, and gave vent to tears in secret and in silence, which were too sacred to be made the gaze and comment of cold, vulgar subjects who have but little sym-

pathy in common with the better attributes of refined natures. But to me it was relief which naught else could give, but the presence and appreciation of her for whom they were shed. It is a weakness which the world usually smiles upon, but in my estimation a manly virtue, and nature's mark to know an honest heart by. My fondest, best Nannie, do not forget to send Mr. Woodruff his " Byron," nor the other gentleman, " Bronson's Elocutions," and my acknowledgment for their kindness. And, oh, how I love thee Nannie. There is not one single glance of thine, absent or present, but that looms up in this dome of thought and palace of the soul, but that wanders to a heart whose fountain is deep and pure, and seeks for a mingling response in thine. Why are dreams of night denied me, which otherwise in thy form and face would meet with brightest pictures, that fancy's magic power ever mantled the heart and soul with, bliss ineffably sublime; oh, I would have thee Nannie soar above earth's narrow, sordid impulses and associations until thy bold, unfaltering onward march would tread unaided in the Heavens, and in thy little griefs and sorrows be the moon shed-

ding its calm light to dispel the dark troubled sky, or as some fixed star whose irradiating beams should ever meet thy upward vision in sweetest rays.

Upon the inspiration wrote this apostrophe to you, so the spell is broken for the moment. My dear Nannie, make it convenient if possible, to meet your father and have a good long talk with him. It would do you both good. Give my love to all the Anthony family, and kiss the female portion, and children.

M. ANTHONY.

APOSTROPHE TO THE HEAVENS

'Tis midnight on the mountain's brow,
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually, beautifully bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining;
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray,
Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Nannie the Indiana girl is all a wife,

With no distracting society to call her off
From love, with no hollow hearts to scoff
Of coxcombry; in admiration loud,
Or with lascivious whisper to alloy
Her duty and her glory and her joy,
With faith and feeling, perfect as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues, with bright variety
But still expanding lovelier over the sky,
How e'er its arch may swell, its colors move,
The cloud compelling harbinger of love—

NEW ALBANY, *February* 20, '56.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

Your letter received yesterday, and oh, how I regretted your stay could not have been prolonged. It appears we can doubly appreciate one's society after their presence can enhance our enjoyment no longer. So I ever find it with you. My dear Mark, the time of your departure could not be realized until it was too late to recall a dear one to console an almost bursting heart, but when you come again moments will be more precious still. It seems I am destined not to meet Pa, for I think it is all that is necessary to effect a reconciliation.

I can assure you, my dear Mark, there can be no greater desire on my part to meet him and have us restored to his favor. Prospects are very favorable on that score, for he sent my music to me, the book at home, and said I could have the other if I could get it. I suppose too, when I visit grandma again, I will get my clothes, as he told her he did not care if I had them. When Mrs. Heaton brought the music she came to see you, and was very much disappointed at not finding you here, and sends her best respects, and declares I must not neglect to send for her next time. You must write H——, Mark, if you find an opportunity, for I wrote and told her you intended to do so, and in a letter I received a few days since she expressed a wish that you would write to her. Poor H——, there are no circumstances in life that can render her as happy as if she had married her heart's choice. Her life is a perfect mockery, and to all appearances she seems to lead a life of peace; but how often has she said to me that memory will forever garner the fragments of affection for the lost and loved one. How sincerely happy we should be in our love to know that we are beloved, for when we

love truly the image of the loved one is always present and we can do naught but what is sanctioned by that being. My heart yielded its best impulses to one who I knew could best appreciate its purest and noblest sentiments; may my confidence meet with a just merit, and I am fully recompensed. I obeyed your injunction in returning the books, and calling on our immediate friends. Write soon again for I am always eager to hear from you. Accept dearest Mark, my best love.

Your devoted wife,
N. L. ANTHONY

STEAMER FLORIDA,
DIAMOND ISLAND, *February* 20, '56.

MY DEAREST AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

Without an answer to my last from Evansville, I am constrained to write again from an imperative duty, linked with an idolatrous love, which with thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, seems too feeble to syllable forth the inspirations of a heart whose only pleasure amid these dim and lonely associations is to hold sweet and perfect communion. Being denied that happiness orally through an all-

relentless destiny which thrusts a wide chaos of time between two hearts and souls that echo the same pure emotions, and vibrate with the same touch of joy or sorrow, Nannie, why, oh why, does cruel fate deal with us so harshly. Go ask the coarse and cold, the humble and illiterate, the poor in body and in mind; they all have the satisfaction of the domestic hearth, but we of nobler nature and finer essence are denied those most sacred privileges which so round up the sum of happiness and makes this life with all its uncertainties an existence worth living for. Divinity Omnipotent, being spirit of the universe, great principle of all that I feel perfect and just or immortal within myself, whose existence I believe in, because I must have emanated from something superior to that of which I am surrounded, tell me why destiny thus wars with me, and point out a way and means whereby I may triumph over the sad vicissitudes of life and mount at last the high pinnacle worthily, which points to the acme of this world's good, perfect excellence, virtue and happiness; can you accord this longing, restless spirit, such a destiny. If in my aspirations to be thus good and great, my hopes

overleap this mortal destiny, pardón a son of earth to whom was given those abstruse and hidden impulses to mix with higher spirits than this world usually gives. So far, my dear Nannie, as the linking of our fates are concerned in that sense I have been peculiarly fortunate, and on this fact I am blessed. Well, well, my dearest Nannie, what from this barren lonely existence do we realize, it seems as though my senses become narrow, and my reason at times becomes obscure, whose veil mantles this earth with darkness and despondency until right and wrong seem as sheer accidents, and finite creatures grow dim and pale lest their judgment becomes too dazzling and their free thoughts be crimes and earth have too much intelligence. God bless you my purest and best creature, in you alone I live, move, and have my being, without that holy spell, which binds the creature to the creator, this life would yield but little to crave, so for your sake I will banish the cruel reflection and endeavor to live wisely for a better destiny. Here we are yet at this unfortunate spot, but with prospect of getting off in a few days, living on salt meat and beans; now and then for

variety beans and pork. Don't you envy our high diet; don't think any of us will get the gout. You will, my dearest, call upon all our good friends and present them my best compliments, regretting the weather was so inclement, while I was there to accompany you, and caused us to forego the pleasure it would have otherwise afforded us. In exchanging those kind civilities which polite circles have in rendering society an agreeable charm, with that recent sleeping companion of yours, cousin Estelle, don't lavish all your tender caresses, for I will be jealous, and fear you might not have so many for me on my return. Well, Nannie, please excuse me. I like at times to indulge in those little pleasantries, it is a relief from more sober reflections. Now my dear, good woman, see if you cannot, in answer, write your husband a mortal long letter. Tell me all about yourself, for all else but you and yours and our family is uninteresting. My best love, save which is for yourself first and last, present to the family. Twelve o'clock. Good night. Your devoted and affectionate

Husband,

ANTHONY.

EVANSVILLE,
THE LORD'S DAY, *February* 24, '56.

MY DEAR BELOVED AND HONORED WIFE:

I am constrained to write, being the only source of happiness left me, in transporting my feeble, but impassioned thoughts on paper, and holding sweet converse with you, my dearest and best one, with whom I can with pride and confidence unbosom myself, and give vent to feelings where they are fully realized and appreciated, where else on this earth but upon a pure and perfect woman and wife's bosom and confidence can a man lay down and open bare the innermost recesses of his heart, and seek consolation from all the varied cares and troubles of this world, but in and around that sanctuary, which this transitory life may only know but once honestly and perfectly well, although deprived of the happiness of meeting you face to face, eye to eye, and hand to hand in all the fond associations and recollections which a perfect unison of heart and soul would yield. This medium of an interchanging of thoughts and conversation on paper is still left me, and oh, how gladly I embrace the oppor-

tunity of rendering us near unto each other. Let the world say what it may, there are so many of the bright dreams, past, present and future, that it cannot take away and extract the sting from unpleasant remembrances, and leaves the rest bright and unsullied. The better and more often privilege seems allotted me to enjoy in addressing you which I trust my dearest may hereafter be granted to you more often than heretofore, yet doubtless you are at a loss to know where to address from my vacillating movements. The river at this point a few hours since broke up, the scene was grand and terrific; the whole mass of ice suddenly gave way and moved irresistibly onward, carrying everything with it. The ferryboat of Messrs. Howard and Brown snapped her chain, cables, and lines as though they were mere threads, but by the timely aid of help she was checked up. Doubtless the loss of property and life will be incalculable, and one of the most disastrous for many years. At West Franklin, four miles above us, five boats have been icebound for some time, and have given alternately a dance, at which all of our officers were expected to be guests; as for myself I

most respectfully declined the honor, could not brook the idea of coining my cheek to smile, and playing the heartless parasite of such present cheer, for I would be doing violence to every feeling of head and heart. The pure and perfect image of yourself, my dearest Nannie, prompted me to shrink with intuitive declension when in thoughts and actions I could be more appropriately occupied in meditation with one who had higher and more sacred claims upon my memory. Thus ever may I be guided by those emotions which claim a kindred with you and throw a halo and protection around all the vain and unprofitable gew-gaws of society, so that I may claim more close and worthy intercourse with a creature whose influence, may be as the bright particular star of hope to this poor and weather-beaten mariner; and at length lead me to the haven of this world's usefulness and virtue. "The memory of the just is blest," so may we live that our reward may be full and perfect in this world and the next. The gift of melancholy is a fearful one, but at times it is difficult for me to shake off, but why is the pecuniary interest of life denied us, which stifles the joys and com-

forts which we are endowed to realize so becomingly. Money, the love of which is the root of all evil, but in a sense of utility and charity, smooths the rugged paths of life and buoys up the spirit upon the wings of unsullied joys. An old worldly saying is "that when poverty goes in at the door love flies out at the window." No, no, Nannie, this should never be our case. Would to God I were otherwise circumstanced and could throw around our pathway to make our house, name and fame a glory and beacon-light, to all time. But at present it can only be in imagination; may the day not be far distant when these attainments may be fully realized. On Thursday last, the 21st inst., Captain Mulliken, Mr. Dougherty, our pilot, and myself, had gone to West Franklin, they on business and I with the hope of getting a letter. But no letter could be had, and I returned with a heavy disappointed heart; but hope, hope, the anchor of the soul, nerved me for the future. In returning to our boat we had concluded to go down Diamond Island, and walked over the gorged ice some four or five hundred yards above the head of the island within a short distance of the land, the Captain

ahead and I following. In crossing where the ice was melted it gave way and in I fell to my neck, touched no bottom, but with one desperate bound extricated myself. In that awful moment of suspense between life and death, how long an eternity the soul lives in a brief second, yet my first and last thoughts, my dear Nannie, were for my God and you. During the suspense I was calm, and the brave shrieked not, but after my relief, oh, how the fearful reflection rushed upon my soul, overwhelmed with joy and gratitude to Him, who holds our destiny in the hollow of His hand, and marks the sparrow's fall, and numbers the hairs of our head. Then three and a half miles to walk. I almost perished with cold; but the velocity with which I put in the time relieved me in a measure. This, my dearest Nannie, is one of the many hair-breadth escapes which life is heir to. But may better fatality deliver me from the repetition. The boat has been short of funds some time. As soon as we make a trip the officers will get their dues. Had I the wealth of Crœsus, how happy would I be in cherishing and protecting all those whose ties of friendship and kindred claim the willing protection

of him whose heart and hand is ever ready to extend that honest wish. But as it is I must stifle the act and make good the wish in perfect good will, ever remember me in sentiments the most kind and true to all our family. 'Tis now the noon of night; good bye, may your dreams be of me, sweet and angelic. My prayers forever ascend daily, hourly, momentarily to the benignant powers to watch over and protect you.

Yours,
ANTHONY.

NEW ALBANY, *March* 3, '56.

MY BELOVED AND HONORED HUSBAND:

You are rather lenient in attributing my supposed negligence to your vacillating movements, but my dearest Mark, I consider that but a poor excuse, and I am sure would be rather reluctant in acknowledging such a trivial one from you. It is with such true delight that your letters are welcomed, to have that privilege denied me, would be depriving me of the only heartfelt joy I have for the present, and rest assured my dear, it will be owing to something of importance to cause me to neglect so

sacred a duty. Your first letter I answered immediately as you told me, so my dear Mark, you have enough confidence in the fidelity and strength of my love as not to impute my silence to forgetfulness. May I never demerit the trust. I know my attachment to yourself is as deep as any earthly feeling can be, therefore my heart's desire is to become all you wish me. May I always have just cause to believe your affection will never diminish for me, is my most earnest prayer. Never regret my dearest Mark our circumstances as regards pecuniary affairs, for it matters not with me if I cannot equal others in fine dress, great display, etc. There is a better time awaiting us, I am confident, if our efforts are united in striving to make a comfortable living, which is so far as my ambition extends on that score. I will be content under all circumstances. Aunt Add has at length arrived, I have not met her, but have no doubt when I do she will approach me as familiarly as if nothing had occurred. I am waiting patiently my beloved Mark to welcome you home again, which I trust will be in a short time. Never fear of writing too long letters lest it might tire me reading them; no, that

could never be; I bless thy loving heart night and day. Oh, that I could be blessed in sharing all hours and moments with you, where we might have naught but happiness and purest joys. Let me know how soon I will see you. Good bye my darling and best Mark, accept my best and true love.

Yours affectionately,
N. L. ANTHONY.

NEW ORLEANS, *March* 7, '57.

MY DEAREST AND MOST IDOLATROUSLY BELOVED WIFE:

This, my devoted Nannie, may be the last note you will receive ere we meet, unless a revolution of events transpires over which, at present, the ken of philosophy cannot analyze. In meeting you, my fond wife, if the highest hopes of a heart and soul are realized, we may never part again, unless a stern fatality uproots all the best desires of a nature too acute and sensitive to endure many or longer the deprivation of all those associations which for months past has thrown a shade of loneliness and sorrow over a spirit so delicate as to be unable to sustain a greater weight. Mute the

camel labors with the heaviest load, and the wolf dies in silence. Had I the stoic nature of common mortality I might be like unto these brutes; but on the contrary, a nature so unfortunately endowed to battle with the worst vicissitudes of life with the conviction staring me full in the face, that I am superior and above many whom I am thrown in contact with; that their ability is so humble and lame as almost to make me rail out at the unequal decrees of fate. In analyzing all these stern realities, had any one predicted such years ago, I would have deemed it perfidious sacrilege. I come, my dearest wife, to greet you with a cheerful smile pervading my countenance, a hand with my heart in it ever ready to gush forth its honest throbbings for you my own dearest wife. The visions of the only home on earth this weary wandering pilgrim now has, you, yours and mine, my fond ones are now before me, picturing in beautiful harmony the sweetest, dearest ties this world yields. The affectionate voice of her whom I love best, falls upon my heart and soul like music selestes's airs, soothing the tempestuous billows which lash over us in the storm of life. But these

joys, my dearest wife, are to a certain extent marred by the reflection that I cannot meet you and throw at your feet a wealth sufficient to make every position and sphere more comfortable and brilliant.

NEW ORLEANS, *March* 12, '56.

MY DEAREST AND EVER HONORED AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

Without any of your much welcomed favors as *yet* to reply to, I am constrained through an imperative duty and a pleasing wish at all times to address you, my dearest Nannie, above all other acts of my life. For if I had any of yours to answer to a certain extent I would be better able to reply from the fact it would enable me to debate your sentiments more fully, and express my thoughts and feelings with some guide as to my position, yet my fond one, my position is such as ever to write full, free and perfect, with the argument on one side. Hence you should not expect me to produce so complete a chain of reasoning. Excuse me my good woman for this apostrophe so abstruse and metaphysical and doubtless uninteresting to you. The heart, the heart, with all its sweet

and pure throbbings, is a theme more worthy our time and interest, so here goes. My beautiful spirit with thine eyes of light and dazzling intelligence, auburn tresses which vie with the sun's rays, color of which cheeks out-blush the rose without the aid of art or ornament, its natural and true enchantment, a step as proud and graceful as the ungovernable sea with its undulating swell, mind rich with intelligence and virtue as the bright garniture of the stars of heaven; last, though not least, a heart full to overflowing with all the choicest blessings which God gives to his favorites, and I, the humble recipient of those perfections which the cold unappreciative world may consider unworthy of, but with them it is a mistake. This heart, mind, blood pulse and passion knows and appreciates more than this world is willing to accord me. But I do believe there are hopes that will not deceive, and virtues that are merciful, and would not weave snares to entrap the weak and credulous over other griefs, I would sincerely grieve and know that happiness is no dream, and virtue no ideality. My dear Nannie, I cannot tell why it is, but it seems when I write you that my nature under-

goes a perfect revolution in order that the material part-intelligence with all its characteristics of God and love—may be sent forth to you, and not mix base matter. In those instances I cannot be of the earth earthy, but angelic and heaven-like. Best love to our immediate family, write any place, every place, that I may intercept. I am nearly distracted to hear from you, my Alpha and Omega of this world and the next.

Affectionate husband,
M. ANTHONY.

Tell me everything.

To NANNIE.

What is thy love? All earth is silent,
Darkness reigns without;
Within near thee is peace.
My aching head is pressed upon my pillow,
Thou guardian angel by my side,
One willing hand is fondly clasped in mine
The other laid upon my throbbing brow
To calm its tumult.
Thy lovely head is pillowed upon my breast,
Thy auburn hair clusters round my neck,
My burning lips are joined to thine,

Our tears of bliss commingle and bedew our
cheeks.
I press thee closer to my bosom,
Thy warm pure heart beating against my own,
Your seraphic voice murmuring sweet and low.
The holy vow which made us one,
Thrilling with ecstatic joy my very soul,
All care is now vanished from our thoughts,
The tired spirit has found its rest
And feel and know that we are happy,
Very happy, Nannie. This is our mutual love.

NEW ALBANY, *March* 15, '56.

MY AFFECTIONATE AND BEST LOVED HUSBAND:

My dearest Mark, I have been exulting in hopes of seeing you in a few days, but still that joy is deferred. I have not heard from you since you wrote from Cairo, and from the tenor of your letter I inferred that the "Florida" would go to New Orleans; but all things are for the best, but still I cannot refrain from brooding over my vanished hope. Could it be possible, my beloved Mark, you have not yet received a letter from me. It seems that privilege is oftener denied you than it should be, I wrote to Cairo, and there will be one also

at Memphis. I feel assured my dearest and best Mark, that if you should intercept none you would not think it was want of respect or love that prompted me to neglect you. I could never think so of you, with what assurance I have of your affection and devotion to me, that confidence shall never be suspected, I have nothing particular to state of father. I suppose his advances were, in a degree, checked by Mrs. W——. I have met her on several occasions and she appears as reluctant as myself to recognize me. I regret exceedingly that you have not heard oftener from me, but do not, my Mark, fail to write me often, it is the only consolation I have for the present, give my respects to Captain Muliken, and tell the Captain not to forget to have the boat running in this trade. I hope there will not soon again be any cause for you to be so long detained away from me. Good bye, my dearest and beloved husband, my prayers are still that you will be protected from all danger.

Affectionately your wife,

NANNIE L. ANTHONY.

CITY HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, *March* 16, '56.

MY ADORED AND EVER AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

I have got the blues, so to find relief, the only consolation left me in my loneliness, and as I cannot get any of your recent letters to con over with pride and pleasure, have just reperused all of yours I have in possession, and get satisfaction that way, you write ably and well, a high accomplishment, and the impassioned pure sentiments please me better than all. The mails must be confounded irregular, whether this old adage refers at all times to the post-office department or the acts of men I know not. They are both irregular enough. But your humble servant, as a male is quite regular in writing at least, and I know you are also, my dearest Nannie. Well our loves and life are linked together and will be eternal, yet I am left here alone to love and live without you, sad fatality, twined as thou art, Nannie, around my heart, I can scarcely deem thee absent, for in faithful memory and imagination you are always by me, and throw an influence over me which I trust may ever guide my acts and thoughts to perfect results.

Though in reality absent, I dream and know, my proudest and best woman, that we will soon meet, and then, oh! how I can happily woo thee Nannie, and those bright visions to my vacant and lonely bosom, for all of perfect remembrance there remains. For with me 'tis bliss enough to know thy spirits blest, hence grief and despondency should not come where perfect love exists, except to elevate and consecrate. Hail, holy love, the bloom or blight of all men's happiness, for fame's aspirations, wealth's influence and glory's halo, are but restless gewgaws, if love lay not down his cheek there to find a real consolation, my young, all-beautiful, adored Nannie, endowed with so many qualities which give happiness to me, and rounds up this common existence into a dream of something which poets cannot paint, and if it were not wisdom to love virtue, what else would be wise to do. I have a pride in your beauty and intelligence, but more in your conduct, a trust in you like a patriarch's love, such estimation as these in your eyes I claim and hope for, and have ever found them, I trusted to the blood of Marsh, pure in your veins, to the soul God gave you, to the truths

your education taught you, your belief in heaven, to your mild sweet virtues, your own faith and honor, for my peace and happiness, and have found them rich and pure, have done well and thank you. I have been in my room all day, the weather is disagreeable and wet. Met Mr. and Mrs. McKey, of the Wesley chapel, was introduced to his holiness, he is a very clever gentleman. Always have a reverence for the white neckcloth. New Orleans is quite gay and lively, many persons daily arriving, too. Theatres and an opera in full blast, soirées, balls, lectures, concerts, etc., etc. I have very wisely and modestly taken a back seat, not having attended either. My days of gallantry and romance are over, a good idea, don't you think so, Nannie, save the gallantry and reality, I trust to ever have for you my good woman. A few flashes of the sun, a many splashes of rain and mud, nothing to be seen out but the weather, and that is disagreeable to look on, and more so to wade through. Before I leave here will get the daguerrean pictures for you and bring them in person.

Sincere and affectionate husband,

M. ANTHONY.

STEAMER FLORIDA, *April* 5, '56.

MY DEAR BELOVED AND HONORED WIFE:

Sad to relate the boat leaves to-night. The most heartfelt joys are incisive, and the best hopes so transient, and laid withering in the dust; when they should rise up, be fresh and fragrant like the rose, wet only with the dews of heaven, instead of being steeped in tears of regret. But ever thus seems to be our fatality, mourning o'er hopes thus crushed, may not be wise nor manly, but the heart may endeavor to find consolation, but oh how unsatisfactory. Pure, silent griefs should be too deep to give vent only to those most interested, and who can feelingly sympathise, and how few there are in this cold speculating world can have impulses which throb in unison with those who are so circumstanced. The happy privilege I have cherished of accompanying you, my dearest Nannie, to the house of prayer to-morrow, where the heart could revel in the inspiring scenes which that sanctuary gives, is now taken away and hung round with a wreath of ivy mildewed. When will the blest time arrive that it may be otherwise. God grant it is not

far distant, dearest Nannie. Please have my clothes put in carpet bag and send over, as we will not stop at New Albany.

Your
ANTHONY.

NEW ALBANY, *May* 13, '56.

MY DEAREST AND MUCH LOVED HUSBAND:

Sadness still lingers upon my heart, and I fear my dearest, dearest Mark, I can never reconcile myself to the idea of parting with you. Your presence is necessary at all times to perfect my happiness, for one gentle word, one kind approving smile, will raise my spirits to the very height of joy. My heart is lonely now, for it was but to have you with me that made my spirit glad. How fondly, how mournfully does memory recall the many joyous hours I last spent with you and may I, as I dream to realize many more, but for the present we will be obliged to content ourselves with the privilege of transposing each thought on paper to the absent, but beloved one, who will best appreciate them. Love me always my dearest and best Mark, as you do now. I would

rather die than feel one link withdrawn. Then cherish, my mark, the one true heart that will cling to thee through weal or woe, and fling around thy pathway the brightest flowers love can give. It is a pleasure, Mark, to dream of you. In dreams you return to me and rest your head upon my bosom, but I wake and find you gone, no hand to clasp in mine, and I am left alone again with sorrow. I cannot think otherwise my dear Mark, but that I will not meet you again which will seem to me a long, long time, but my wish is that I may be agreeably disappointed on that score. If you can predict definitely when you next write, let me know if you will stay on the J. C. Swon. My dear Mark, you have still neglected to have your daguerreotype taken for me, I will still retain the one I have. I cannot part with it, there is no pleasure-affording inducement to leave home. Estelle and I sewing busily on my dress and all the while I was thinking of you for my own dear husband I consider it sacrilege if you are absent one moment from my thoughts. Good bye my best, my own Mark.

Your wife, truly and affectionately,

NANNIE L. ANTHONY.

Closing this letter reminds me of parting with you.

On board Steamer Chancellor,
At Memphis, *Sept.* 29, '56.

My dear and most affectionate Wife:

After a close and affectionate intercourse of some months, the most pleasing and happy in the whole course of my life with one who from my earliest acquaintance has occupied my every thought and reflection, which sends forth the purest and sweetest memories this world affords, and as this is the first pleasing duty which has offered itself for some time past, it seems somewhat odd to portray my heart's throbbings on paper after orally pouring forth those oblations to you my sweet Nannie face to face, eye and hand and heart together. I say appear funny, although my ideas are clothed in different drapery than in ordinary conversation with the cold, indifferent formalities of society. But in addressing you my own good woman, the aspirations of mind and heart rise superior with me to any other creature or circumstances. It appears that if I were to try I could not accomplish the end to write to others as I do to

you, from the fact my hand and head shrinks from the responsibility of saying and doing what is not properly dictated by the heart; and as my heart's promptings are and shall ever be for you alone, my best Nannie, I write as I do. God bless the Hoosier girl. Good night good and dutiful partner.

Your devoted and faithful
ANTHONY.

STEAMER CHANCELLOR,
ST. LOUIS.

MY DEAREST:

My last was brief and perhaps uninteresting to you my fond Nannie, from the fact I was deprived the time I otherwise should have taken to more fully express myself on all those questions of an agreeable and interested nature, at all times so happy for me to discuss with you my own dear one, who is more competent to appreciate those ideas which to others might appear flat and insipid, there is my good woman something in hearing from you, although I have not since my departure, so electrical is thy voice and admonition. Each look and thought of love and sympathy that unseals the foun-

tains of the heart and gushes forth like the notes of long forgotten music, recalling sweet memories and sacred ties, touched by a master hand, until each chord echoes responsive to a charm which you alone my sweet Nannie can create and give. James Seabrook and Mr. Underwood telegraphed their wives to meet them in St. Louis; Oh, how I wish it was so that I could have done the same; but let it go, you shall visit New Orleans yet this winter. Tell me how you and your and mine are getting along. I am nearly frantic to hear, but fondly hope you are as content and comfortable as circumstances will permit. It may not always be thus my sweet one. The wheel of fortune is round and continually revolves, those at the bottom by clinging tenaciously will by and bye come up to the top. May it be our lot soon.

Your ANTHONY.

VIRGINIA HOTEL,
ST. LOUIS, *Nov.* 2, '56.

MY DEAREST WIFE:

At this hotel my dearest I am occupying a room near the one we had when married. The remembrance of that sacred and joyous occa-

sion brings fresh sweetly and thankfully to my mind the most pleasing sentiments for the present and most hopeful for the future which my life has heretofore known, and sustains the wish which can never die, that the memory of that union may descend to the latest time bedewed with the sweetest remembrances and best auspices to ourselves, and those pledges of affection which God in His providence may be pleased to give us and teach us how we and they should govern the rule of action and duty so as to live, be virtuous, useful and happy, so that in the decline of years they may cluster around hearth and home like olive branches, creating peace and joy for the future, and still more if possible closely binding firmly and lasting those high duties and imperative ties which we, Nannie, less than one year ago, vowed before heaven's high chancery to preserve and keep inviolate in its original lustre. God grant that the day and occasion may be far distant when even one link should be severed or one spot corrode or tarnish that golden chain which binds us together and which long years of regret and penitence might not obliterate. I am sad, Nannie, at being parted from you, and am unused to

murmur at the decrees of fate which ordered it thus. It is not for man to question the ways of providence nor find fault with Jehovah's inscrutable designs. These misfortunes are doubtless intended for some good and wise purpose, that the light and exhilarating throbbings and its unnatural pulse arrested. The associations of humanity—ever wayward—are only checked by sending the iron into the soul or smiting the heart with the chastening rod of affliction, causing its bitter waters to gush forth in order to leave the remainder more pure. My good, pure, sweet Nannie, you may deem this letter a gloomy one, I have not so intended, yet my soul is sad, and these pensive throbbings gush forth like an alpine torrent and overflow the fulness of the heart. But they are all for you, my Nannie, at the idea of being absent from one who is the life blood of my existence. Through an ill-fated destiny these eyes cannot look upon you really, but the picture, the picture holds the mirror up often, nor can these lips peruse those impressioned sentiments contained in your letter, for I have not received any, sad fatality, well they will come by and bye, then oh how happy. Perhaps I

may make a flying trip to you while the boat is undergoing repairs, cannot tell definitely as yet, but hope so. I never think of meeting you my dearest, but a disposition pervades my heart to present you with some trivial token of renewed affection, so I purchased a pair of fine heeled gaiter boots, a new article in this market, and very neat; think I have got the size this time to a T, will also get a nice handkerchief and kid gloves. Oh, Nannie, it affords me so much pleasure to surprise you with those little mementoes. Be just and fear not, martyrs often come out the furnace unscathed and meet with their rewards. Ours will come soon or late. God bless you my idolized and good wife.

Your affectionate
ANTHONY.

ON BOARD STEAMER CHANCELLOR,
ST. LOUIS, *Nov.* 4, '56.

MY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

Your kind and affectionate letter of the 29th ultimo came to hand, and transported with rapture was I. It perused of sweet, consoling thoughts that breathed, and fond words that

burned with eloquence of heart such only as woman can utter through the fulness of their nature, which God in his wisdom has so peculiarly gifted them. For love when properly created and matured with kindness and fidelity becomes the empire and acme of this world's glory. The diadem which sittest high on the throne, the bright sun around which the milder and lesser satellites revolve, each in their perfect and harmonious sphere; it seems when writing you as though my heart and brain becomes inspiration's sanctuary, an ever welcomed monitor, and I glory in the essence of those lofty passions which perhaps may lift me above the common herd of mankind. Great wife, estimable woman, Nannie, last wrote you from this place, remitted you money, and will send you more soon, should I not go to meet you in person. Here I am in the office all alone writing you my sweet Nannie, whilst the remainder of the officers and crew have gone ashore to indulge in other amusements, which to them under the circumstances may be paramount to higher duties. Well, so wags the world. Thank God, I have other imperative and pleasing tasks to perform winging away to you my

good Nannie those impulses and feelings which absorb all others. I may be idolatry's child burning with Promethean fire stolen from heaven, hence it is perfect and would be doing violence to my better nature did I not exercise it. I am rejoiced at your general good health under the circumstances and trust you may continue to take good care of yourself. Good night, may whispering angels prompt your dreams.

Yours,
ANTHONY.

NEW ALBANY, *Dec.* 6, '56.

MY DEAREST AND BEST BELOVED HUSBAND:

An opportunity is once again afforded me being rendered nearer you by the aid of pencil and paper, and which is pleasing at all time, convey to you each little thought that might recall the happy, happy hours we've spent together, almost of one mind, heart and being, and can my beloved husband be best appreciated when we are far away, with each look of love and action still remembered and cherished only to regret we cannot continually live in such a

world of love, which at present is denied us, but hope's star is brightly burning and tells of joys to come. Gone, gone away from me my dear husband, when shall I realize the time when each evening I can welcome you home from your daily task. I cannot be fully contented until I know that time is here. Clinton was married on the following Thursday after you left, and very few persons present besides our family. Fannie was dressed very plain and neat, wearing a novena traveling dress. The refreshments were cake and wine. She was very much excited, and I thought she would faint. Some one remarked they were surprised, for she was a girl of so much self-possession, and cousin Mark said that was not the way I faced the music. To-morrow one year has passed since our hearts were joined together forever my dearest and own loved husband, and the bygone year has been a happy one, for it brought no woes or sorrow to chill the brightness of the time that's passed, for the love I gave you was too pure, too holy ever to have one wish, one thought that was not blent with yours. May all succeeding years be the

same. Write me often my own husband. Know that my prayers and thoughts are for you. Good bye.

Your affectionate wife,
NANNIE L. ANTHONY.

ON BOARD STEAMER CHANCELLOR,
CAIRO, *Dec.* 7, '56.

MY EVER DEAREST AND MOST AFFECTIONATE WIFE:

We are with a good trip and hope to arrive safely at New Orleans in about six days. You will hear from me my dearest and relate the chances and changes of my good or ill fortune. That fickle goddess Fortune, ever so uncertain in her movements, and perhaps at present more so with me, I scarcely can, with all the scope and range of the ken of philosophy or fate, tell what is in store for me until after the development of time. But patience and perseverance to a great extent will disperse the dark cloud which lowers around, and throw the bright rainbow of hope and prosperity over the past so far as my business and pecuniary arrangements are concerned. But on the other hand, I have many proud, happy and fortunate recollec-

tions, ever pleasing to dwell upon, which to a great extent extracts the sting from my recent bad luck in steamboating, and causes my heart to throb with gratitude to that good providence who does all things for a just and perfect end. In his faith I confide in sunshine or in storm. This the anniversary of our marriage, the wisest and best act of my life, may we, my fondest and best one, long live to have many happy returns of the same, each year witnessing to ourselves and the world that we have not lived in vain, but as useful and honored members of society, exercising an influence which shall descend in blessing on us and our posterity. This particular day singled out from time, may its influence and those sacred bonds of unity and love be as a mirror reflecting back on the past and on the future, lighting us to the straight path of duty, governing the rule of action which just creatures should ever aim at. The highest evidence of a well balanced mind is that he who can rise highest with firm resolve to encounter the falling vicissitudes of life; not to tamely fold the arms and relax the vigor of mind and pine over the bad luck. Rise, rise, like an eagle scaling the heavens, like an Atlas bend-

ing beneath the weight of a world, and meet the great issue. Though you should fall, let it be nobly and with might, for he whose cause is just is ever right. The individual who is to succeed cousin James in the office is Mr. M—. I think his abilities need much culture and fostering before he approximates the shadow of his successor, having no experience on the river at all. The boat's business, monetary affairs, position and popularity and all will be sadly in the background. But if it suits the high captain it is all O. K. As for the captain's brother, who fills my humble position, he never received a package of freight in his life, and is as verdant as a youth. Well, so wags the world. I presume by this time Clinton is launched into that responsible, pleasing state of Mat—Rye—money, and on his way to New Orleans rejoicing. Perhaps I may have the honor of meeting the happy couple in the Crescent city, though I must confess I am in rather a poor fix of joyness and mental pleasing tact and outward wrap made by tailors who create the ninth part of a man, which should be the least consideration with proper respecting people. But fashion, fashion, an outward envel-

ope which pleases the fancy of shallow minds, and absorbs all other merit, so from my deficit on that score I might be compelled to play the subordinate part in the grand drama which I never have and will never do while my better judgment serves me. Better be humble and obscure than meet the indifference of those who apply not the proper standard. Amen. Nannie, my dearest, do not show the contents of this note, strictly confidential, lest it might incur the displeasure of all.

Your A——.

NEW ORLEANS, *Dec. 27, '56.*

Well, my own best Nannie, the great day Christmas has passed, and on its destiny the weal or woe of thousands have hung with breathless throbbings full of fond hopes realized, or bowed down with sorrow from the decrees of a sad fatality ever unknown and uncontrollable. In gazing upon the impenetrable future with all its stern realities, ere the curtain of time is rolled away, with what inexpressible emotions gathers around the soul to peer into that chaos which it is proper we shortsighted finite creatures should not know of. And on the other

hand, in retrospecting the past, how simple and true the virtuous, honest approval to ourselves and the world, settles so calmly and gratefully upon the heart and soul, and render life worth living for. But look on the other picture, the remorse and anguish of an unhappy, misspent existence, how its compunctions wailings rare round the soul and well nigh stifle the remnant of an unfortunate career. How many, many creatures partake of these varied circumstances. Oh, how I would love to be with you.

Your ANTHONY.

NEW ALBANY, *Dec.* 30, '56.

MY DEAREST AND BEST LOVED HUSBAND:

My dearest husband, despair not under the present circumstances; could be a great deal worse, although my only grief is your being so far from me, having no source of consolation or sympathy only by writing. I am thankful you still retain your health, and you should strive to make the best of all misfortune, as I am always, my own dear husband, willing and ready to share it with you. My health is good. I feel for you, my dear, and could we be together it would reconcile us to our fate. Have not been

to office this morniing. Although I have not read it, be assured, my own dear husband, that anything you should have written that you think might cause me unhappiness shall be forgiven and forgotten. I am doubly anxious now to read it, for I know, my dear, you could not write anything that would cause me such trouble as you apprehend; but the idea of being separated from you, my own husband, is a grief which cannot be easily overcome. I could submit to almost anything to have you always with me, but I find I cannot have all things to my own pleasure, and I shall strive to content myself.

Your devoted,
NANNIE L. A——.

NEW ORLEANS, *Jan.* 31, '57.

MY DEAREST IDOLIZED AND DEVOTED WIFE:

I with pleasure embrace the occasion to answer your last, and then know better how to respond to your hopes and wishes, at all times my highest aim to consummate. Oh, how I wish to be with you in this hour and forever, to clasp to this throbbing brain and aching heart you my fond, pure and sweet one, who alone of this

earth can soothe the tempest of my sorrows and make smooth the rough ways of life. Be of good cheer my perfect wife, I will meet you ere long, then the happiness will make amends for all our past deprivations. It does seem, my Nannie, so strange a fatality should be meted out to the creatures of earth. Those who care least for each other are oftener together, while those who love the purest and longest are separated through a sad destiny which at all times cannot be overcome. You speak of visiting your father, do so my dear Nannie, by all means. I know he will be too happy to see you. His heart has always been in the right place, and would have given you a welcome long since, which will heal up old wounds which have marred many of our better peace and joys and redounded higher to our credit in society. It will be a stepping stone to a reconciliation, and restore you to the once former good favor of your parent. Any or the slightest concession on your part cannot compromise you to the world or proper thinking people, so be not influenced by others, but act boldly and fearlessly for yourself. Those who know all the past unpleasant difficulties that attend this

affair cannot but glory in your act. What a hermit I have been, neither having attended the theatre, opera or any other place. My room at six o'clock each evening has been the sanctuary of my joys, to think of home and you, yours and mine, my sweet wife. I might have been beside you had it not been for the lack of navigation in the Ohio. The daguerrean picture I hope will please you, which I have so often, when away, promised to send.

It is scarcely worth while to answer this, lest I might be on my way to you ere it arrives.

Your devoted,

M. ANTHONY.

NEW ORLEANS, *Feb.* 6, '57.

MY DEAREST AND MOST AFFECTIONATELY BELOVED WIFE:

I last wrote you a few days since via southern mail route as the only reliable line in the country at present. I will soon leave on the first Louisville pack to join you, my own good wife, and to fold to this wildly throbbing breast the only idol my heart ever knew, and with its harmonious proportion fills to overflowing the urn—which is now the life blood of my existence,

and in after time be the sepulchre wherein our ashes shall mingle together and wait the call of the *great I Am,* and ascend to realms where parting and sorrow are no more. The weather here is as delightful as your May days, in fact, quite warm in the sun. Everybody and all the world are out, more especially the ladies in their gayest attire tripping the fashionable thoroughfares with gladsome smile and foot so light as though it tread on flowers, joyous and coy as blushing maidens fresh from boarding school. All very well to feast the eye upon, but sad reflection in future time to know so many of God's noblest works will pass away and be cold and inanimate in death. That the unfortunate vicissitudes of life may check the light laugh on the merry lip cast a shade of age and anguish o'er the sunny brow, pierce the once pure heart with all its most lovable attributes with a venomed dart which will stifle and corrode its fondest wishes, realize to after memory the uncertainty of riches, the inconstancy of friends and the vanity of all earthly aspirations. The Bible, that holy volume, touch with the seal of high divinity, man know thyself. Alas, how little do we know what we are and may

be. The present is all we can claim to comprehend, and that obscurely as through a glass darkened. May the future be made glorious through a perfect hope, realize to us my own good and pure wife, some of the better joys and prosperity which we most certainly should have. With my heart full to overflowing with love and gratitude to you my own good wife, I am prompted to pour forth this strain, Nannie, I don't know why, but it is so in writing you every particle of finite matter seems to vacate my heart and soul, until it leaves nothing but the essence of infinite inspiration to dwell upon. This tender, honest tribute to you my partner and wife, by whose tender management of my weakness has gradually reclaimed me from any pernicious habits, you have become prudent and generous from a rare affection.

Though of the most liberal nature, taught me frugality and economy by your pure, disinterested love; during this the most critical period of my existence, preserved peace and order in our domestic affairs, gently turned me away from whatever follies or dissipations I may have had, sustained my weak and irresolute disposition, urged me on to useful and creditable aims

gently and kindly admonished my heedlessness and improvidence. From these facts my sweet wife I owe what I am and may be for the better hereafter to your solicitude for my interest and happiness. They nor my character have ever been forgotten to be vindicated. Feelings such as yours, my own Nannie, how noble, warm, tender and impetuous, but ever placable and constant, such you are my own dear, dear wife. From our earliest acquaintance the knowledge of your worth and excellence dawned upon my heart, purified its friendship unto an undying love before time and the world had deprived my heart of its original lustre, ardor and purity. From our union through all these great elements I seek consolation. A benevolent wisdom inflicts chastisement in order that our natures may become more purified. May that superintending power enliven the gloom and sustain me in this dark hour, which now hangs over my destiny, so that a brighter and better nature may hang around the future. God's noblest work, man and woman, creatures capable of such high proficiency in art, nature and virtue, preparing a dwelling place for the spirits of the just which will vindicate the ways

of God to man, here alone in person, but with the memory of your presence, my own perfect wife, clustering thick about me, the tendrils of whose vines are interwoven so closely with every breathing respiration, which this heart has ever known, I am surrounded as it were with thousands of sweet companions which make the spot sacred with animated life. If there is one Holy passion above another granted to frail mortality, it is a deep seated love which I thank God for implanting in my nature. The fiat of fate seems to have especially marked me for the standard bearer upon whose ample folds were emblazoned in deepest dye the affection and love which has all been given to you my great wife, and a wise creator shall ever have my gratitude that it is so. Do not fail, my wife, to visit your father, if your health will permit.

Your ANTHONY.

ON BOARD STM'R GOLDEN STATE.

DEAREST NANNIE:

You tell me the "Sons of Malta" gave an exhibition, the proceeds for the benefit of the poor. Charity, thou first of all virtues, for without that you cannot do anything. All of

our officers received letters from home. Made mention of the above circumstances. One or two made acquainted with the fact of feminine gender doffing crinoline and mounting the unmentionables, unsexing herself through a morbid curiosity, would peep into the "Pandora box" at the risk of womanly dignity, and become the gibe and scoff of all delicate acts and feelings. The purity of every virtuous susceptibility outraged and exposed to the jest of ribaldry and song, which should forever prompt the finer feelings of all noble womanly attributes to shrink from with intuitive dread and disgust. Oh! oh! how deeply from that high and proud position has she fallen who would thus ruthlessly throw aside the veil which shielded her virtue to vice, thus stand exposed to the world the fallen thing which no after contrition could scarcely exterminate. I am told that person was so——so. God grant the supposition is incorrect for her and the rest of mankind, also womankind. This apostrophy I have drawn from the spur of the moment. But when my better feelings are at peace and rest. Here are my sentiments of a pure, delicate, refined woman. Above all let

not man, the more gross and corrupt of our race, practice on her the shameful falsehood of pretending admiration, and acting contempt, let him not exhaust his kindness and his purse to adorn her person and then ask in return the humiliation of her soul, and all tender affection of her heart. Let him not manufacture opinion for her, and force it upon lips of dictation. Let him not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor seek to crush her individuality, nor insult her dependence, nor play low jests upon her honor in convivial company, nor bandy unclean doubts of her honor, nor whisper vulgar aspersions of her purity. No! no! let us remember that for the gastly spectacle of her blasted purity we are answerable. On the contrary we should multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by a manly gentleness be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals of her heart. If we can't we are not her superior or equal. Jealousy is the weakness of narrow minds, confidence the virtue of enlarged ones.

Yours as ever,

MARK.

EXTRACTS.

Poverty is a blessing. If with it proves I am so beloved and my greatest sorrow is that I desire to be a better Christian than I am, and that my life might influence you for your eternal good.

Thank God my own Husband it is not the world's goods or its opinion that we depend on for happiness, but our unaltered, undying affection, which time nor circumstances can alter.

I live for no object, my dear husband, but to promote your comfort and happiness, and am recompensed to know it is mutual. I think you might have compassion, and not quite kill with fond kindness.

There is a "divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." We have exchanged hearts my dearest for each other to comprehend, know and keep. We will be true and faithful unto the last. If sincerity's perfect oracle avails anything we yet shall be blessed and happy.

For my Great good and perfect wife to live much longer thus separated is a pang too painful for us to live under long. The yearnings of this heart are so pure and strong to clasp you to my heart and soul, that all else earthly is but dross as a consideration to weigh in the scale of human bliss against.

The seven ages from the cradle to the grave are meted out to mortality by a wise providence, so let us live that the last scene may be just and glorious, and our epitaph command an inscription which friends, offspring and after generations can dwell upon with sweet memories and conscious pride. Write often sisters Anne and Henrietta, present much love for but few in this selfish world knows or even appreciates the broad charity and tender affections of this heart.

I am at a loss to know what to comment upon in writing you other than the old theme. Our Loves, duty and cares, though year after year growing deeper and stronger, yet has its original youth and freshness. Trust also it may never lose any of its purity and sweetness while life lasts.

I have exhausted general news. But on the only Holy and undying theme of Love, pouring forth for you, my Great wife, I never can be at a loss to pour forth with pleasing strain the impulses of a heart deeply gifted with an Ethereal passion, whose all and every throbbing is for your peace of mind, respected position in this world, and the consoling hope of an endless hereafter bliss beyond the frail vicissitudes of this uncertain existence.

Oh my own fond Nannie, how this poor heart yearns to be with you to unbosom all its joys and sorrows, knowing you will appreciate more fully than all the world beside, open up before you the deepest recesses of an Idolatrous heart, so that you could analyze all its most delicate throbbings, giving mutually to us a consolation the cold in spirit rarely have.

The only comfort and consolation left me, and at the same time an ever-pleasing duty in unsealing my heart and soul, that its fountains of Love may gush forth and be gathered up by you my Dearest Wife, the only creature in all this world who can properly and truly appre-

ciate each feeble thought and word which placed on paper makes thousands, perhaps millions pause and reflect as to their motives and bearings.

A heart surcharged with hope and fear relative to success, the former as it should be, the latter as one's destiny of late seems to realize the fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind. Poverty makes a dog gentle, whereas, instead of being a Jackal as I am, this proud lofty nature would be a Lion controlling the will and acts of meaner things, elevating them to a higher and more perfect destiny. But through a stern fate I am forced to stifle the faith, hope and charity to the world. But always to you for the imperative duty always better becomes the heart and home of those whom the most sacred ties of blood render paramount to every act of circumstances in life.

Hour after hour, day after day, night after night, what devout oblations has this fond heart offered up to Heaven's chancery for you and Eddy's preservation, and my fortune and

nerve to overcome the vicissitudes of my present desponding position of all the trials of this adventure may the Lord give me grace and confidence to overcome. Do not my dearest little wife permit this gloomy note to disturb your mind, for out of all these sad forebodings, but faith and hope seems to lead me. Oh God, could I at this hour be with you and our child, to lay down at the sanctuary of those two pure and undivided hearts all the throbbing which now burthens this soul, then would I be free and transcendently happy. Exiled, however, as I am from all those sweet communions of the domestic hearth which providence so peculiarly adapted me to enjoy beyond the common feelings of indifferent souls, the deprivations seem doubly poignant. 'Tis recorded in the holy writings that God chasteneth those whom He loveth. Surely He hath a watchful eye over our fortunes. Yours of the 17th so wildly welcomed, is at hand, and contents devoured with Love's holy and pure appetite, which but few such as I, linked with those holiest ties and duties of husband, wife and child, can honestly appreciate, which from the fact thousands cannot realize, although better fixed in a pecuniary

point, are poor indeed, weighed in the balance with love and fidelity; sweet charms. Perhaps Nannie it is well we are poor in this world's goods, in order that we may be richer in all those other ties of domestic duties which make up the sum total of this world's existence and ends.

I trust much happiness, and some prosperity may attend us through the vicissitudes of life, for vicissitudes mingled delights and sorrows is inevitably the lot of the happiest and most miserable of mortality. But the sunshine of Love which we hold for each other can illumine and lighten the deepest shade and domestic cares heighten the hue of life's brightest hour. May such Love and such bliss be eventually the life-long portion of our existence.

My Dearest beloved, you are gone and I am alone. The visit was so brief and delightful, like unto a pleasant dream, an oasis in the desert of life, which gladdens the heart and refreshes the parched wearied wanderer o'er life's trackless waste, yet such is destiny, and why mourn. Life short, Truth, Virtue and

Honesty, a gem which loves the deep, which but few has fathomed, we my precious Nannie, have been there, can trace out cause from effect.

Your

ANTHONY.

MEMPHIS, *Jany*, 1861.

Well, a new year has dawned upon us with all its weal and woe, what may yet be the issue of the great events now heaving into birth, the God of Hosts can only know. May the omnipotent arm of a righteous providence lull to sleep the trials and dissensions which now distract this once glorious union. The proudest and greatest republic the world has ever known. But from present strife and contention it would seem that its day of glory is almost about to depart, and fall in the tomb of ruin and disgrace and lie side by side with Greece and Rome, all in their day the Mistress of the world. It certainly cannot be that the age of great and good patriots has gone by, and none left to man the old ship of state to a safe and prosperous harbor.

So you, my dearest, are in good health, and also the children, and our little Hunter is

now convalescent. Thank God that He has spared him to us, it is to be hoped for many years, to be a comfort and a blessing. But suppose he had have been lost to us, the sad calamity would have thus been related.

But a few days since we had in our humble home, a sweet little boy about one year old, of course the object of every tender affection and solicitude, but sickness came and laid its hand upon him. Remedies promptly applied with the ablest medical skill all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded on the cheek, and the fire in the bright eye burned low, and at length envious death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever, and we learned for the first time by trying experience, how intense darkness follows the quenching of one of those little bright lights of life. This is but a metaphor. I devoutly pray we may never be called upon to write thus as a reality.*

You, my dear, seem to deplore my absence, perhaps not more so than I the separation. In treating upon this subject I accidentally fell upon a little gem in the way of

* It is true their children outlived them and they never had to mourn the death of a child.

poetry, more sweetly portraying the feelings of a devoted and affectionate wife than anything I could portray, so I enclose it for our mutual benefit.

THE FEMALE HEART.

There is nothing under Heaven so delicious as the possession of pure fresh immutable affections. The most felicitous moment of man's life, the most ecstatic of all his emotions and sympathies is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The springs of feeling, when in their youthful purity are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness. The spell that once draws them forth in the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life so pure and devoted as a woman's love. It matters not whether it be for a husband, or child, or sister, or brother, it is the same unquenchable flame, the same constant and immaculate glow of feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love, one kind word, or one gentle look, even if it be amid desolation and death, the feelings of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent in spite of earthly

bond or mercenary tie. More priceless than the Gems of Golconda is the female heart; and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca is woman's love. There is no sordid view qualifying self-interest in the feeling. It is a principle and characteristic of her nature, a faculty and infatuation which absorbs and concentrates all the fervor of her soul, and all the depths of her bosom, we would rather be the idol of one unsullied, and one unpracticed heart than the monarch of empires, we would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic female than the sycophantic fawnings of millions.

Welcome
Easter
Morning.

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